National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

LETTER FROM REV. RICHARD FULLER, D.D.

[A correspondent of the Baltimore *True Union* requested the Rev. RICHARD FULLER, D.D., to inform the public whether his views of American slavery had undergone a change, since his memorable discussion of the subject with Dr. Wayland. A late number of the *Union* has Dr. Fuller's answer.]

I REPLY at once to your query proposed to me in the last *True Union;* not only because the kind sentiments of your note call for some acknowledgement, but because you say that some persons will be "influenced by the authority of my opinion," and I am anxious that no influence of mine shall ever seem to favour the perpetuation of slavery.

Nothing is more rare than a spirit which, in earnest discussion, seeks only truth, and cares nothing about victory. In the correspondence with Dr. Wayland, to which you refer, I hope my desires were pure, yet, with such a deep interest involved, any man ought to be jealous of himself. After all, however, I still think that the position then assumed by me is fully maintained by Scripture and reason.

But let no one regard me as an advocate for slavery. I deeply regret its existence; and though it would reduce me to comparative poverty, I would be relieved of a burden upon my conscience, if the slaves in my possession could enjoy the blessings of freedom. Considered simply as an abstract question, the matter admits of no discussion. If any right be incontestable, it is that of a human being to his own flesh and bones and sinews.

But the subject of African slavery in this country is not an abstraction. The evil is so rooted in the social system, it is so interwoven with the entire civil and domestic economy, that its removal presents a most difficult problem—a problem defying my thoughts, and those of the wisest men in the land with whom I have conversed.

The guilt of enslaving these Africans rests not upon us. The only responsibility is our present duty, as to which it becomes us to implore earnestly the Divine guidance, and follow it.

For myself, I am too conscious of interest and the prejudices of education, to confide implicitly to my own judgment. I confess, too, that my opinion has, at different times, oscillated.

I never visit the South, and see the comfort and happiness and piety of the slaves, and recall the sufferings and extremities and vices which I have witnessed in our large cities, without doubting if any sudden change can benefit the negro. And I, then, am reconciled to leaving the system to those Gospel influences which are, gradually but constantly, altering, mitigating and elevating the relation between master and slave.

On returning home, however, and reflecting on the matter in my study, I have lost confidence in my convictions, and resolved to emancipate the slaves I own in my own right. But no sooner have I thus determined, than I found myself utterly baffled. For what is to be done? Shall those people be retromitted to Africa? They would not go. If carried, is it certain that a removal would be a blessing to them? In short, I cannot expend the large sums necessary for this purpose—I cannot afford this, nor is there any sort of obligation on me to do it.

The same answers apply with reference to transporting them to some free State. The only course then left is to set them free where they are. But to this there are obstacles even more insuperable. (1.) The law—*laws passed to protect the slaves*—forbid this abandonment of them. (2.) The peace and safety of the white population would be endangered, if many of these people in their present condition were turned loose, to become vagabonds, having no homes, tampering with the slaves, setting them examples of idleness and living by plunder. He who should thus set his slaves free would incur a fearful responsibility. (3.) I will only add, that such a step, if permitted by law, might be, I fear would be, fatal to the negroes themselves. Forsaken by their guardian, driven from the plantation they once occupied, objects of suspicion to all other masters, persecuted by evil men, cut off from redress for injuries to their rights, without land or house or home, they would either supplicate permission to return to their former state, or they would become desperate, and perish in the woods or on the gallows.

Machiavelli says, that "To make a servile people free is as difficult as to make free people slaves." This is true, even when a nation moves in behalf of the emancipation of a distinct race long enslaved. How slowly can such a people be prepared for liberty! How few even of the nations called free are capable of freedom! I dare not pronounce slavery, in some type of it, the "*vulnus immedicabile*," of fallen humanity; but it is a chronic disease, demanding chronic remedies, and great care and patience.

I have thus answered your Query. Slavemaking is sinful. To hold slaves from motives purely mercenary, and to treat them as chattels, is sinful. But slaveholding is not a sin. He who affirms this, despises the plainest Scriptures, and betrays a mind utterly blinded by prejudice and fanaticism, for a continuance of the relation may be the best for the slave, and no alternative may remain to the master.

But for the violence and recklessness of fanaticism, I might hope to see measures adopted at the South which would benefit masters, and secure for the African a condition preferable to freedom. I have elsewhere advocated colonization; it is visionary, however, to suppose that our millions of slaves will ever be transported across the ocean. The black race is fixed amongst us. Amalgamation or equality with the Saxon race is out of the question. What, then, is the true course which Christian legislation dictates? I think the Legislatures of the Southern States ought to imitate the noble magnanimity of the Roman Emperors, and become the guardians of the slaves. The South is at least as much under Christian influence as the North; and the Gospel suggests a code which would recognise the relation of master and slave, but so regulate the rights and duties of each party that all the abuses of the system would be removed, and both parties really benefited.

Such a code of laws, I think, it would not be impossible to frame. But it is unnecessary to dwell on this point now. Nothing can be done for the slaves, the benevolent wishes of their true friends must be defeated and their efforts paralyzed, while fanaticism is resolved to irritate and ulcerate the Southern mind, and create a morbid sensitiveness which forbids any movement about this momentous and delicate subject. While Northern politicians persist in their hollow, selfish, intriguing declamations about the abominations of slavery, and while Northern religious journals—not only raving Billingsgate Chronicles, but papers as respectable as the *Independent*—will persist in abuse and rancour, will manifest, not so much regard for the slave as settled hatred for the master; while this systematic "malice and evil speaking," these tirades of calumny and falsehood, are incessantly goading and insulting the South—nothing can be done, nothing even proposed. The true friends of the slave—those who know him, and have power to interpose in his behalf—are at the South; but they are stripped of all influence by these wicked and incendiary proceedings. They can only fold their hands, and look to Him who "causeth the wrath of man to praise him," and who can employ the madness of men to accomplish the purposes of his wisdom.

R'D FULLER.

THE BORDER RUFFIAN PROCLAMATION.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America.

WHEREAS, indications exist that public tranquillity and the supremacy of law in the Territory of Kansas are endangered by the reprehensible acts or purposes of persons, both within and without the same, who propose to direct and control its political organization by force: It appearing that combinations have been formed therein to resist the execution of the territorial laws, and thus, in effect, subvert by violence all present constitutional and legal authority: It also appearing that persons residing without the Territory, but near its borders, contemplate armed intervention in the affairs thereof: It also appearing that other persons, inhabitants of remote States, are collecting money, engaging men, and providing arms for the same purpose: And it further appearing that combinations within the Territory are endeavouring, by the agency of emissaries and others, to induce individual States of the Union to intervene in the affairs thereof, in violation of the Constitution of the United States:

And, whereas, all such plans for the determination of the future institutions of the Territory, if carried into action from within the same, will constitute the fact of insurrection, and if from without, that of invasive aggression, and will in either case justify and require the forcible interposition of the whole power of the General Government as well to maintain the laws of the Territory as those of the Union:

Now, therefore, I, Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, do issue this my proclamation to command all persons engaged in unlawful combinations against the constituted authority of the Territory of Kansas or of the United States to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, and to warn all such persons that any attempted insurrection in said Territory, or aggressive intrusion into the same, will be resisted not only by the employment of the local militia but also by that of any available forces of the United States: to the end of assuring immunity from violence and full protection to the persons, property, and civil rights of all peaceful and law-abiding inhabitants of the Territory.

If, in any part of the Union, the fury of faction or fanaticism, inflamed into disregard of the great principles of popular sovereignty which, under the Constitution, are fundamental in the whole structure of our institutions, is to bring on the country the dire calamity of an arbitrament of arms in that Territory, it shall be between lawless violence on the one side and conservative force on the other, wielded by legal authority of the General Government.

I call on the citizens, both of adjoining and of distant States, to abstain from unauthorized intermeddling in the local concerns of the Territory, admonishing them that its organic law is to be executed with impartial justice; that all individual acts of illegal interference will incur condign punishment; and that any endeavour to intervene by organized force will be firmly withstood.

I invoke all good citizens to promote order by rendering obedience to the law; to seek remedy for temporary evils by peaceful means; to discountenance and repulse the counsels and the instigations of agitators and of disorganizers; and to testify their attachment to their country, their pride in its greatness, their appreciation of the blessings they enjoy, and their determination that republican institutions shall not fail in their hands, by coöperating to uphold the majesty of the laws and to vindicate the sanctity of the Constitution.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents.

Done at the City of Washington, the eleventh day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-
[SEAL.] six, and of the independence of the United States the eightieth. FRANKLIN PIERCE.

By the President: W. L. MARCY, Secretary of State.

Selections.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

BEFORE U. S. COMMISSIONER PENDERY.

Messrs. CHAMBERS, of Cincinnati, and WALL & FINNELL, of Kentucky, for the Claimant; Messrs. JOLLIFFE & GITCHELL for the Slaves.

SPEECH OF MR. JOLLIFFE.

From The Cincinnati Christian Press, Extra.

On the opening of the Court, Wednesday morning, Mr. JOLLIFFE commenced his argument. He said: I have reason to rejoice, to-day, in behalf of my clients and of the country, that this case is to be tried before a gentleman who has tried similar cases, and decided in favour of the claimant; because if your decision shall now be in my favour, all will know that it has been produced by conscientious change of opinion.

I will first notice the arguments of my courteous opponent, Mr. Finnell. He said Kentucky and Virginia were not responsible for slavery, but the Yankees, who sold them the negroes. Others have charged that England forced slavery upon us. But when his ancestors and mine went down to Norfolk to buy slaves, were they not to be blamed? The merchants and traders sold them for gold—for gold they would have sold the planters as well. But were not they who tempted the merchants to bring them slaves equally guilty with those who brought them?

He said, also, that it was the Abolitionists who were creating all this agitation, and he denounced them as "pot-house politicians." Now, who are the Abolitionists? I know those in Ohio, perhaps, as well as that gentleman, but I do not know among them a single man to whom the phrase, "pot-house politician," could be applied.

The gentleman was ill-advised in his attack. He was firing his grape and cannister into the ranks of his allies, and at every charge they fell. The Union-savers, they are the pot-house politicians—men who love everything but God and the poor—for the meaner and more degraded a white man is, the more he hates a negro. He further charged us with being ungrateful to Kentucky, who assisted to fight our battles in the North-West. When Kentucky renders any service to the Union, she, as a State, claims credit for it; but when sacrifices are expected from Ohio, we are to make them entirely for the sake of the Union.

But we do return the kindness. When a poor and friendless Kentuckian comes here naked, we clothe him; hungry, we feed him; oppressed, we relieve him; bound on a journey, we put him on a certain railroad and have him through in lightning speed. If Kentucky feels aggrieved, let her ladies retaliate. Let them set up sewing societies for the poor Ohioans; and as hospitable Kentucky is better than picayune Ohio, let them send ten for one of our poor people to Texas, Kansas, or any such place as they desire to emigrate (applause and cries of order).

No, poor Kentuckians, even the most destitute, find friends and counsel here. For all these people, on both sides of this case, are Kentuckians. The only difference between them is that while they (looking towards the slaves) are heroically struggling for freedom, that man (looking at Mr. Marshall) comes into Court, his hands all dripping with warm blood, and asks to take the father of that murdered infant back into interminable slavery, and the grandfather back into everlasting bondage (applause and cries of order).

But the gentleman says the Constitution of the United States gives him a right to these fugitives.

Oh, star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there
To waft us back the message of despair?

That a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, is an axiom. The proposition on which I shall base my argument is no less plain. It is, THAT EVERY MAN ON EARTH HAS THE RIGHT TO DO EVERYTHING THAT GOD HAS MADE IT HIS DUTY TO DO; or, as I am not here as a theologian to discuss difficult points, but only as a civilian asserting rights, and as some duties are more clearly stated in the Bible than others, I will vary the form, and say, That every man on earth has the right to do everything that God, IN THE BIBLE, HAS CLEARLY MADE IT HIS DUTY TO DO.

God made it the duty of Daniel to pray, though the Persian Empire forbid it—of the three holy children to refuse to bow down before an idol—of the Apostles to preach the doctrine of the resurrection—of Cranmer and Ridley to refuse to bow down to the sacrifice of the Mass—and in doing so they all asserted their right. Right and duty are correlative terms, as inseparably mingled as the light and heat of the sun. Sir (to the Commissioner), it is your right, sitting there as a Commissioner of the United States, to love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself. It is your right to keep a conscience void of offence. This is a right for which the martyrs suffered, and for which our fathers poured out their blood like water—the right of every American citizen to take the Bible as the man of his council. You have a right to love that old man (putting his hand on the head of old Simon) as you love yourself, and to do to him as you would have him do to you, and it is your duty, sitting here in the temple of Justice, to exercise that right.

Your oath to support the CONSTITUTION imposes an obligation to support it ALL, not only the third article of the fourth section, but the WHOLE CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution says (first Amendment) "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This may embrace the religion of China and of the Hindoos, but it certainly does embrace the Christian religion. What, then, is the Christian religion? Its vital principle is to "love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself," and every law that interferes with this (as do the acts of '93 and '50) pierces the very vitals of the Christian religion as the spear of the Roman soldier pierced the heart of Christ on the cross.

Should Congress pass a law forbidding you to read the Bible, does any man doubt that it would be unconstitutional? When Congress passes a law forbidding you to obey the Bible, is not that unconstitutional? What binding force would a law have declaring that there is no God? How much better is an act which says there is a God, but you shall not obey him? The Bible commands to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the outcast, to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. The Abolitionists—the hated, the despised—have, for the last twenty-five years, been asserting these rights, unconsciously bearing upon their own shoulders the rights of the whole American people.

A few years ago, all Christendom were indignant because the Madiai family were imprisoned for reading the Bible. But what difference is there between imprisoning a man for reading the Bible in Italy, and for obeying it in the United States?

All men have a religion, no matter whether members of churches or not; deep down in the heart of every man is a sense of responsibility to his Maker. It may not show itself till called to do some gigantic wrong, but then it rises up to restrain his hand.

When called upon to decide upon a question like this, it is your duty to listen to its voice.

That man (putting his hand on young Simon) is here a prisoner, guilty of no crime, his wife in jail in a delicate situation, needing her husband's aid, and Mr. Marshall asks you to tear him from his wife's arms. His three children, one an infant at the breast, demand his care, and you are asked to tear him from both wife and children that this man may take him into Kentucky, to sell his flesh, blood and bones, and soul, on the auction-block. Do your duties as a Christian interfere with that? Can you do it and keep your conscience void of offence? Can you do it and maintain for the people of the United States the right of religious freedom? When we consider the great question of religious freedom involved in it, the rights of these people become insignificant. It is your right and mine.

Never, in the history of jurisprudence, has a question of such importance been submitted to the decision of a single man. If you sustain these rights, you sustain religious freedom for us all; if not, you betray humanity.

He then considered the rules of construction by which this Article of the Constitution was to be interpreted, and the purpose for which it was made. Now, said he, if Congress cannot pass a law compelling you to worship God, can they pass a law compelling you to sin against God?

The trouble is this. The Congress of the United States have endeavored to pass a law declaring that wrong was right. There is danger in thus disregarding rights, for every law that supports slavery strikes down some right of the slaveholder. The principle that gives you a right to your slave, may take away your right to your land.

He then read from the Bible the account of the creation of man. "In the image of God created he him," "to have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Can man, the lord of creation, be made property? Wherever man is found—no matter how degraded his condition, even the naked negro basking in the sun or lying in the palm tree's shade—he is still the lord of creation. The distinction between man and those over whom he rules is this: that man everywhere, no no matter how debased or ignorant, can be taught to love and obey God; brutes never can. Congress had no more right to pass a law that man should bow down before man than that he should bow before the consecrated wafer. Both are heresies—one of America and the other of Europe. What right had Congress to enforce one heresy and refuse the other? It is an article of religious belief in me that man cannot hold property in man. I take it from the Bible. Catholics and Mormons are protected in their creed—why not I in mine?

The law of '50 (the Fugitive Slave law) commands you to treat those people as slaves; the Bible as men. As slaves they may not learn to read the Bible, nor attend divine service, nor preach the Gospel to every creature, nor bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, nor cherish their husbands and wives; but as men they enjoy all these rights. Don't you see that the Bible is on one side and the Fugitive Slave law on the other? By the hallowed memory of the Mothers who taught us to reverence that Bible—by the battle fields of our revolutionary sires—we must not, dare not, relinquish this great and glorious right of loving our neighbour as we love ourselves. The President may send steel-clad men to compel us—all the woes of the human race may fall on us—but still, on our bended knees and with outstretched hands, will we cling to their rights.

Here is an old woman (putting his hand on old Mary's head), for twenty or thirty years an honoured and respected member of the Church of Christ. If we could see all things as they are, we should see in this room a host of angels around her; we should see Jesus here. "Whatsoever ye do to the least of these, ye do it unto me." If you send her to slavery, you send the Saviour; if you send her to the auction-block, you send Christ there. "Whosoever shall offend one of the least of these, it is better that a millstone be hanged about his neck and he be cast into the depths of the sea." If Congress enjoins you to pluck out an eye or a hand, would you do it? But would it not be better to enter into Heaven without an eye than, having two eyes, to be cast into Hell fire?

My friends (turning to the counsel for Mr. Marshall), what would you have? Just so sure as you tear that sucking babe from the bosom of its mother, the very stones will rise against you (not in mob violence), but in six months the Union will be at an end; and better far that it should end than to sanction such violence. The Constitution does not require you to do an act which shall wrap this land in flame and drench it in blood. You have only to assert your own religious freedom. By doing so, you refuse Mr. Marshall his fugitives, but you secure him a greater, a dearer right. What right have you to send a writ to the Marshal, requiring him to execute such monstrous wrong? Suppose he were as conscientious as John Wesley—could you ask him to do it? Suppose him, on the other hand, a degraded and wicked man (I am not alluding to the present Marshal, for I scarcely know him)—what right have you to add another drop to his cup of iniquity?

It is for you to decide whether this man shall be free to worship God without the haughty shadow of his master between him and his Creator—free to go where he pleases—free to embrace his wife and his children. Then, though all the calamities of earth come upon him, no slaveholder can enter his cabin to drag his loved ones away to helpless bondage. No! thank God, that is (rightly considered) now the law of the land—that is our glorious heritage.

I am aware that this argument has not been used by any of our great men in the Congress of the nation, but the path that the eye of the Vulture hath not seen may be discovered by animals of more limited vision. Eureka! I have found it! I see it plainly. Do not Kentuckians love religious freedom as well as we do? Do you think, because they are slaveholders, they mean to go down to Hell? No. What is slavery? Atheism. Not that which denies the existence of a God, but that which denies the immortality of man.

Our friends are those who tell us our faults, and help us to correct them, and the Abolitionists are your very best friends (to Mr. Finnell). These men that are pimping to your vices are doing so that they may get your money or your votes. They care not whether it's you or your black man that's a slave, so they get money by it. But you know where to find us. We speak out and tell you of your vices. But we know that you are a generous, open-hearted race, and as brave as ever trod the earth, save only those of Old Virginia.

Slavery is cannibalism, not that of eating, but of selling human flesh and blood; one cuts the man up for food, and the other sells him for money. Now, sir, are you required to dip your hands in this bloody system of Cannibalism?

He then read from the Institutes of Justinian, an act commencing, *In nomine domine Jesu Christi.* The way in which civil enactments then commenced. The Old Testament has it, "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." Would you head your mandate, In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, hurl back that old servant of the Lord, who has served him thirty years, into the seething hell of American slavery? The error in Daniel Webster was that he took but half the Constitution. You must enlarge the basis, and take it all. The theory in matters of civil government is, that there is no higher law. My theory is, that there is a God, and that human governments are valuable only so far as they enable men to obey God. Daniel Webster said, in his speech at Capon Springs—near where I was born—"the North mountain is higher than the Blue Ridge, and the Allegheny higher than that, but this higher law soars an eagle's flight above them all." Sir, this higher law rises higher than ever eagle flew. If you take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, it is there. Descend to the depths of Hell, and it is there; it follows man through life, through death; and that higher law is with Daniel Webster to day, wherever he may be in the universe of God. To send this man back would be to separate him from his wife, for, as she is to be tried separately, the Court will presume her free, until proven otherwise. Can you find a law to separate husband and wife?

Had such a provision been inserted in the act, it would never have been passed. Ask for a law to tear that babe from its mother's breast. When Shakspeare put in the mouth of Lady Macbeth, "I tear the nipple from its boneless gums and dash its brains out," the poet's imagination could go no farther. But this is not to dash its brains out (oh! its mother would kneel and implore you to do so), but to send it back to the roaring, seething, hissing, hot hell of American slavery.

Will you do it? (To counsel for claimant.) Gentlemen, look to it if there is any such law. Take your pound of flesh, but not one drop of blood.

He then recapitulated the testimony, in relation to the fugitives having been in Ohio, and said that the maxim of law was "once free, always free." The Kentucky Courts did not deny this, but decided that the freedom must be asserted at the time. But young Simon was then a minor, and Mary a femme covert, so this neglect could not prejudice their case.

Now, here is the last one (putting his hand on the old man's head), although I most earnestly desire his freedom, yet I cannot misrepresent the testimony. I believe it was Robert's (young Simon) oldest brother, Simon's son, that was here, and the resemblance accounts for the mistake of the witnesses.

I now leave the religious liberty of the United States in your hands. Such a case has never before arisen; and if you separate these people, it will be such a judgment as has never been given since Pontius Pilate sat upon the judgment seat.

AN ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP A SLAVE IN CANADA.

From The Stratford Examiner.

MANY of our readers will no doubt recollect hearing of the attempt made by some scoundrel in the Southern States, following the vile "business" of a slave-catcher, to bribe the Chief of Police of Montreal to aid in enticing to the other side some unfortunate "chattel" escaped bondage. It seems that the ill success attending the efforts of this Southern specimen of humanity has not had the effect of deterring others from making similar ventures. A case of this kind has recently come to light in this town, and we conceive it will answer a good purpose to expose the particulars to the public view.

Mrs. Sylvia Young, a coloured woman—now residing with Mr. Thomas of the Shakespeare Restaurant, Stratford—was formerly the property of a *lady* of the name of Dustin. Mrs. Young is a clever cook, and in the South, where such "property" is an article of merchandise, would have sold for a large sum of money. The woman Dustin got married to a man named Stewart, and removed to Chicago. Stewart, like a careful man, then thought of looking after his wife's lost "property": and, putting their heads together, they hit upon what they doubtless conceived to be a cunningly-devised scheme, to be rewarded with complete success.

Accordingly, in pursuance of their plan, the wife addressed a letter to her "chattel," of which the following is a copy:

"CHICAGO, Dec. 23, 1855.

"SYLVIA: You see from the date of my letter that I have changed my place of residence. We have been living here about four months; we like the place very much. I at first thought I would not answer your letter at all, but the *children seemed so anxious* to see you and hear from you again, that I have consented to write to you and make a proposition, and let your *feelings* and judgment decide for you. You say you are happy. I cannot think one with your *strong feelings* can be happy so far from your *relatives and native home.* Now, if you are disposed to come here—which is a short journey—and live with me, serve me faithfully two years, I will give you your free papers. *Then* you will be at liberty to settle among your *old friends*, and not be compelled to confine yourself to Canada. Write to me and let me know what you think of my proposal. Besides, Sylvia, you know you will, in a few years at farthest, *inherit* considerable from your father. I do not wish to persuade you against your will; but, situated in a strange place, I would be glad to have the service of one that understands my ways as well as you do. The *children* all send their *love.* * * * * * *

Your *friend*, E. G. DUSTIN."

On the same day that the above ingenious and loving letter from this woman arrived, Mr. Townsend, Chief Constable of Stratford, received a very different communication from her husband:

"CHICAGO, Monday, Dec. 24, 1855.

"CHIEF CONSTABLE—*Sir:* I inclose you a letter from a runaway negro, who belongs to my wife as well as myself, late residents of Louisville, Kentucky. You see what she says about going to Cincinnati. *I want to catch her!* If you will put her into my possession there, or the custody of the States Marshal in that city, so that I can secure her, *I will pay you the sum of* $200. Should you feel disposed to act in this matter, it would be necessary for my wife and self to be in Cincinnati at the time she would be there. You might follow her on to that city and trace her to where she would stop, and if you could notify me to be there, *I would do the rest*, and pay you your reward, $200. * * * * * * *

W. G. Stewart, Proprietor Boone House, corner of Clark and Jackson streets, Chicago, Illinois."

Mr. Townsend very properly handed this letter to the magistrate of the town, and wrote Stewart an evasive reply, so as to induce him to visit Canada, in order to secure his missing "property." Had he done Stratford the honour of visiting it, we can assure him that he would have "caught" something which he would have had good cause for remembering to the last of his villanous life.

KANSAS CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence of The Boston Evening Traveller.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Friday, Jan. 25, 1856.
FREE STATE HOTEL, HEADQUARTERS.

As I write, the heavy and measured tread of the sentinel, as he paces his beat on the roof above my head, in the midst of a blinding snow storm, reminds me that I am at the very focus toward which all eyes are now turned. And well they may be. This nation, at least the northern portion of it, are not aware that they are standing on the very brink of a volcano, just ready to belch forth its destructive torrents. Recent events, of which you are already cognizant, indicate a desperation on the part of the slavery propagandists which will lead them to any length. Since the termination of the Shannon war, so called, outrages have been committed which indicate a savage ferocity which puts to shame the atrocities of early Indian wars.

The immediate condition of affairs is in this wise: The South are determined to have Kansas at any hazard short of self-destruction. The people of this Territory at least, and I hope of a part of the North, are determined she shall not, *unless by fair means*, and on those terms she cannot get it. The climate, the soil, the scenery here, everything combines to make men and women prefer to die here rather than to live elsewhere. Multitudes of true-hearted men and women have planted themselves here as champions of Freedom on a soil they mean to defend against the curse of Slavery. To a man, aye, to a woman, they will die rather than yield. If you would see an exhibition of the spirit of '76, come here. Men are to-night in the midst of an inclement storm, not surpassed by a New England north-easter, sleeping on their arms in the trenches, or pacing with silent and muffled tread their rounds on guard. The women, too, have been busily at work running the bullets and making the cartridges; and not a few of them take for their recreation a turn at the target to gain skill in the use of the revolver.

The truth is, we are liable to a surprise at any moment. Bands of picked men are being quietly organized in Missouri to rendezvous at different points, and then to rush in upon us like savages, under cover of night, and destroy our town and seize the leaders.

Gen. Robinson does not sleep at his own house, but takes his quarters here in this fortress, and sleeps sometimes in my room, while a company of soldiers are quartered in another near by. The roof of the building, three stories in height, has a parapet running all around it, with pierced loopholes, from which, in a street-fight, there could be poured a most destructive volley of rifle balls. The thorough lookout which is being kept will, we think, prevent us being taken by surprise, and so long as we are supposed to be well and completely armed, and determined to die rather than be taken to be hacked to pieces by demons with wood hatchets, they will not meddle with us. But we need *arms.* We *must have them; ammunition, men,* all the needs of *war.* To be prepared for war is the best guaranty of peace. A large commission has been sent West, North and East, to urge the necessity of immediate action. Let the South know that the people of the Territory are prepared to defend themselves and to hold out against a superior force until men can arrive from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and then from the Middle and Eastern States, and they will hesitate before they move. Missouri will not march upon us with the prospect of an invading army in her own borders and among her slaves. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Rather than run such hazards, she will leave the institutions of this Territory to be settled on the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska bill; and that, as matters now stand and are likely to go, will give to Freedom the fairest and most beautiful land the sun anywhere shines upon; which done, the dark spot on the otherwise fair escutcheon of our Republic will grow less and less, until it shall finally disappear.

I have for a long time felt that the crisis had come, and that the question had to be decided HERE; but I did not know the desperation which the Slave Power would throw into this her last struggle, and the final decision of her fate.

Send us arms and ammunition from the Free States. Pledge us men, if needed, *minute men* and money for expenses, and we will see to it that the Republic receives no detriment. "*Ne respublica capiat detrimentum.*" If we are massacred, and the sun of liberty goes down in darkness, the men of the Free States who delayed to send us aid must bear the blame. W.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Courier and Inquirer.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Jan. 27.

I wrote you in my last of the renewal of the war. Expresses are continually arriving from different points in Missouri, bringing intelligence that the "Border Ruffians" are preparing for another attack. They have organized military companies at every place along the border in Missouri, and hold themselves in readiness to march upon us at any moment. At Kickapoo a gang of rowdies, who infest the Missouri river during the Summer season, have collected, organized themselves under the name of Kickapoo Rangers, and hold themselves in readiness at all times to march to any point where their services may be demanded. It is said they are one hundred and fifty strong, are each mounted and well armed. There cannot be a doubt but they are under the pay of the Platte County Defensive Association, or some similar organization in the slave States. Their time is wholly expended in gambling, drinking and fighting. It was these men who butchered Mr. R. P. Brown, the particulars of which I gave you in my last letter.

The persons who were with Mr. Brown the night previous to his brutal martyrdom have been compelled to flee from the neighbourhood and come to Lawrence for protection. Mr. Minard, Mr. Sparks, his son and nephew, and several others, are now here. Others have fled to the Quaker Mission for protection. There is no security for the persons or property of Free State men in the vicinity of the disturbances near Easton. Our people are holding themselves in readiness for an attack at any hour, although I think there is no danger until the weather moderates, and, in fact, I shall not look for it until the first of March. The borderers desire to prevent the assembling of our State Legislature, apprehensive that they can accomplish more before that body convenes than after. The several fortifications that were hastily thrown up during the late war in this city have been manned, and sentinels are at each, constantly on duty keeping guard. There are four of these fortifications, which are circular in form, and are raised about five feet high, with a ditch on the outside. Within these, temporary barracks have recently been made, and here the citizen soldiery are quartered. Fort Necessity—or Fort Smith, as it is called by some—is situated near the foot of Massachusetts street, commands the fording place over the river, and is designed as a retreat for the women and children, if the town should be besieged or bombarded. A high staff is planted in the centre of this fort, from which our national ensign floats in the breeze.

About fifty rods south of Fort Necessity, and a few rods east of Massachusetts street, is Fort Hunt, now in the command of Hon. Morris Hunt, recently elected a Judge of our Supreme Court. He has twelve men under his charge, each armed with a Sharp's rifle. Fort Holliday is a few rods west of Massachusetts street, and designed as a protection of the town from cannon at Oread Mount. This is the best built fortification of the four, and will, probably, have to stand the principal charge when the contest is opened upon us. Fort Dirkey is somewhat north of the latter fort, and is designed to protect the town against an invasion from the west.

A circular redoubt is thrown across Massachusetts street between forts Hunt and Holliday, and would be a very effective resort for the citizens with arms in case of a charge from the South. All along Massachusetts street, between the last mentioned entrenchment and Fort Necessity, are breast works thrown up between the houses, forming a sort of fence on either side.

The Emigrant Aid Company's fine hotel, which is still in an unfinished condition—though labourers are at work upon it—is also under guard constantly, and is made the Headquarters of the Generals and their Staff, as well as of the Committee of Safety, Executive Committee, &c. Expresses have been sent to the different towns along the border in Missouri to purchase ammunition, and every arrival brings some. One team succeeded in getting half a ton of lead and several hundred pounds of powder; others are able to buy one or two hundred pounds, and a keg of powder. These our women are engaged in manufacturing into cartridges, to be used with Sharp's rifles. Not a pound of lead or powder can be bought at the stores here; they have all been secured by the Committee of Public Safety, and will be saved for use when necessity shall demand.

The Executive Committee have sent several persons East to present our claims upon the people of the Union for sympathy and aid.

REV. W. CONDER ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

From The [London] Empire.

AT the recent Anti-Slavery Meeting held in Leeds, the Rev. G. W. Conder, on rising to propose the first resolution, said: If it be true, Sir, as Mr. Pillsbury has just told us, that England can speak the word which can liberate every slave in the United States, what a glorious hope has he given us, and how ardently we long to know what is that word, that we may tell it to every English brother, so as soon to utter it with a volume which shall roll across the Atlantic, and accomplish the long-desired triumph! I believe, Sir, that England is ready to utter that word (hear, hear). It may be there is not just now the same enthusiasm about abolition in England that there was in the few years preceding 1840—when our own slaves were emancipated. We were then seeking to wash our own hands of the bloody stain, and it is only natural that we should display some more eagerness about the task than we do, when our object is to persuade our brother to wash his hands of the like stain. Nevertheless, I do believe that England is ready to utter that word, and I wish most heartily that we could just import a few of the Anti-Abolitionists of America, and take them through the country to a few such meetings as this. We may not be very influential perhaps in the ordinary sense of that word—we may not comprise in our number many noblemen, statesmen, and the like; but in our meetings they would see, I think, such an amount of honest hearty indignation—indignation that asks not for much elaborate reasoning, but trusts fearlessly in its own instincts of wrong, as in this matter we may rightly do—as would convince them that the English people are in real earnest for the abolition of slavery, with all its crimes and woes, and that the verdict of the country is all but unanimous on that point (hear, hear). I should like to take this opportunity to assure Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Mathews, that after the evidence we have had to-night of the real connection which the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has with slavery, if Mr. Cuthbert Young should apply to me for a collection on behalf of the Turkish Missions, he would apply in vain (hear, hear). I should not even deem it necessary to take the usual course of consulting with my coadjutors—the deacons of the church—upon the point, for I am sure we should all be of the same mind. And even if we were not, which I do not for a moment anticipate, so strong is my feeling upon the point, that if that pulpit were deliberately to be yielded up to a connection with slavery, I should say without hesitation that it was no longer the place for me (hear, hear). That contingency, however, I am sure will never arise. I could not help feeling, Sir, whilst Mr. Pillsbury was telling us of the doings of Mr. Adams, and of his pious exclamation at the sight he beheld in the negro church, "O, that all Africa were here!" I could not help feeling the wish that Dr. Adams were here; that he would call on me some fine morning; and, as I have no doubt he would, put out his hand to shake hands with me. I think I should do to him, what I have not often done to a brother man, put my hand in my pocket, and say, "No, thank you, Doctor, I've a very strong objection to touch anything that smells of brimstone." Perhaps he would grow indignant, and say, "What do you mean, Sir; am I not a Christian brother and the minister of a Christian church, and how dare you refuse me your hand?" I should reply, "Whether you be a Christian or no, Dr. Adams, I will not take upon me to say; and if your church hold the same sentiments, I will not say they are not a church of Christians; but of this I am quite sure, they are not a Christian church. It is a very difficult matter to say how far a man may have a true and vital connection with God, and yet, through ignorance and prejudice, do many things that are contrary to the letter and spirit of religion. I never dare settle that question. But I will demand the settlement of you, Dr. Adams. Christianity, as I understand it, tells us that we are to love our neighbour as ourselves. You, Dr. Adams, tell us that we may buy our neighbour—sell our neighbour, as so much property—that we may flog him, drive him to work like a brute; that we may maim and mutilate him, tear him from all he loves; lacerate his heart as well as his flesh, and finally kill him, if it suit our purpose. You shall say, Doctor, whether a slaveholder can be a Christian. Again, Christianity, as I understand it, tells me that God hath made of one blood all nations, for to dwell on the face of the earth, and that in Jesus Christ all souls are equal in the sight of God. You and the abettors of slavery, and its most iniquitous laws, give the lie to this. You tell us that the slave is inferior to you, and that God's law permits you to do as you do. You fly in the face of every precept and all the spirit of Christianity. You shall say, then, if a slaveholder can be a Christian. I say, out upon such Christianity—if Christianity it be (hear, hear, and applause). And then, too, the pious delight of the good Doctor, as he saw the niggers all comfortable in their church. The nigger church—happy, poor souls! for one little hour of their life in singing their church hymns, and most happy, doubtless, in listening to those most blessed gospel tidings—the duty of the slave to his owner. How could he but exclaim, "Oh, that all Africa were here!" If I had been there, Sir, I think I should have taken the Doctor's arm, and said, "Let us take a walk, Doctor." We would have gone to where the whip hangs, with its bloody, knotty thongs, and I should have said, "Doctor, what is this for? Oh, that all Africa were here!" Next we would have stepped into the prison, and looked at the spiked iron collar: "Doctor, what is this for? Oh, that all Africa were here!" Then at the fetters: "What are these? who wear these? Oh, that all Africa were here!" And, at last, we would have gone to the auction stand, where heavily falls the hammer on the mother's heart, while her little one is torn from her bosom, and sold forever from her sight; and there, amid the shrieks of that mother, would he still exclaim, "Oh, that all Africa were here!" (Deep sensation.) Sir, when I see and know the indignation with which such horrible inhumanity is regarded in this land, I am constrained, standing here at home, to adopt Dr. Adams's sentence in all but one little word, and to say, "Oh, that all America were *here!*" (Applause

people. That though they are not indifferent to the great question of human liberty, they believe it is the part of wisdom to retain in their purity, the political, religious, educational and social privileges which we now enjoy, and extend those privileges to the whole human family, as fast as a due regard to the rights of all parts of the Confederacy will permit.

For these, and a variety of reasons that might be stated, your Committee, in the most decided and emphatic manner, condemn the treasonable objects of the memorialists, and ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

Signed, O. P. BROWN, H. CANFIELD, E. M. PHELPS. } Committee on Federal Relations.

MR. GIDDINGS WITHDRAWING FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

From The National Era.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE XXTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF OHIO.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: The long-pending contest for the election of a Speaker has terminated. Freedom has achieved her first important victory in the House of Representatives of the American Congress. The doctrines of Jefferson, of the fathers of the Revolution, have been reestablished in the citadel of oppression.

I should do violence to my own feelings, were I to remain silent on such an occasion; and I seize upon my first leisure moments to tender you my heartfelt congratulations. Its salutary effects are to be enjoyed by you, by your children, and your children's children. I pray you not to understand me as addressing myself to any particular party: I embrace in these salutations the people of all parties. Those who have opposed the progress of Freedom were honest; and to them and their offspring will the blessings of a *free* Government be as important as to those who have laboured to lustrate that Government from the curse of slavery. In the fullness of my heart I greet you all, and pray that you and our Government may all be purified from the crimes of oppression.

The 2d of February, A. D. 1856, will mark an important era in the history of Congress. On that day, a man who dared declare that he held, with the early fathers of Republic, "that all men are endowed by the Creator with the inalienable right to life and liberty," was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. He stood firmly on this rock of truth. The shafts of slaveholding calumny and vituperation were hurled at him. But he looked his opponents in the face, bade defiance to their impotent assaults, and triumphed. He was elected upon the identical doctrine, for the utterance of which I was driven from my seat in this body fourteen years since.

You bade me return, and maintain the doctrines which I had avowed. To the extent of my humble abilities I have obeyed your behest, and those doctrines are now recognised by a majority of this body. In what I have done, I have acted as your agent, representing your views. If there be honour to those who have stood firmly as the advocates of Freedom, that honour belongs to you, in common with those who acted with you. I claim nothing more than to have been the fortunate Representative of your doctrines and interests.

This progress of truth is without a parallel in the history of our Government. We may well say, "It is a victory of truth over error, of freedom over oppression, of justice over crime." Let it stimulate us to further and greater efforts. I rejoice at the appreciation of this important victory by the people. The lovers of Liberty may well rejoice; and these manifestations of the popular feeling, which now reach us from all the free States, will serve in coming time to stimulate our public servants to boldness of action.

Here, too, I see the warmer feelings of our nature gushing forth from honest hearts, rejoicing at this triumph of Liberty. To me the whole scene is solemnly interesting. Looking around me, I find none of those with whom I stood in the darker days of our cause. Mr. Adams has gone to his reward. Messrs. Slade, Gates, and others, have retired to private life; not one of them is left. I seem to stand alone, an old man, in the midst of a generation of statesmen whose advent upon the stage of political life is of comparatively recent date.

In the long period of my service here, I have sought neither emolument nor distinction. I have laboured for the reestablishment of those principles for which our revolutionary fathers contended. I have lived to see them recognised by a majority of the popular branch of Congress. I regard myself among the most fortunate of public men. I have attained the highest point of my ambition. *I am satisfied.* And I know that you will appreciate my feelings, when I express the hope, that at the expiration of my present term of office, I may retire from public life—step aside from the public gaze—return to my humble home—and, in that retirement so congenial to my nature, spend the remainder of the life which Heaven has allotted to me; while other and abler statesmen shall carry forward the work so auspiciously commenced, until our Government shall be redeemed and regenerated from the corroding sin of oppression, and the blessings of Heaven shall rest upon a free country.

J. R. GIDDINGS.

Washington City, Feb. 8, 1856.

GOV. REEDER'S PROTEST.

THE following is an official copy of Gov. Reeder's protest against the admission of Gen. Whitfield, as Delegate from Kansas, to the House of Representatives at Washington:

To the Honourable the House of Representatives of the United States:

The memorial of the undersigned, on behalf of the qualified voters of the Territory of Kansas, and in his capacity of representative of said voters, as hereinafter stated, respectfully represents: That he claims to be entitled to represent the said Territory in the Thirty-Fourth Congress as Congressional Delegate, to the exclusion and in lieu of Hon. J. W. Whitfield, the sitting delegate, upon the following state of facts: The said J. W. Whitfield, as your memorialist is informed, claims to have been elected at a pretended election held on the first day of October last in said Territory, which said pretended election your memorialist contends and purposes to show was absolutely void, being without any valid law or the will of the people or qualified voters to authorize or to support it.

That the law under which said pretended election was held emanated from a legislative assembly which the people and qualified voters of said Territory protest and declare, through your memorialist, were not elected by them, but imposed upon them by the force of superior non-residents, who could pass no law that would be binding on them, and whose election and action should not be sanctioned or recognised by this House, because they are utterly inconsistent with the idea of Republican Government, and destructive of the plainest and most undeniable civil and political rights.

That the said supposed election law was entirely nugatory and of no effect, because passed at an illegal and unauthorized place, where no valid legislation could be had, and was void in itself and on its face, as containing provisions directly and materially violative of the act of Congress to organize the said Territory.

That said pretended election was not conducted even according to the forms and mode prescribed by the supposed law which purported to authorize it.

That many hundreds of illegal votes were polled at said pretended election by non-residents and others.

And your memorialist excuses himself for the want of specifications under the two objections last above stated, by reason that he has been unable to obtain from the Executive office, in said Territory, the necessary information, or any copies of the returns of said election; that, after several applications to the Secretary of the Territory for certified copies of papers in his office had been neglected and evaded, the said Secretary finally gave a positive refusal to furnish the copies demanded, and for the further reason that the said Secretary of the Territory has withheld the copies of Executive's minutes for the year 1855, although the laws required him to furnish them semi-annually to the President of the United States, which said copies, had they been forwarded, might have furnished the necessary information to your memorialist.

And your memorialist further states that he was duly elected by a large majority of the legal voters of the said Territory to the said office of delegate at an election held on the 9th day of October, which he proposes to show was the only valid election held in the Territory for that purpose. A. H. REEDER.

Washington, February 12, 1856.

A NEW ARGUMENT FOR SLAVERY.

WE suggest, says *The Tribune*, that the following be printed by way of appendix to the Rev. Dr. Adams's next edition of his "South Side View of Slavery." We commend it also to the special attention of those editors who were so shocked at what they were pleased to call Mr. Banks's amalgamation sentiments.

From The Missouri Democrat.

Very lately a pamphlet has been freely circulated throughout Missouri, entitled "A Report made to the Platte County Self-Defensive Association by a Committee, through B. F. Stringfellow, Chairman." In that Report, on page 30, occurs the following atrocious and infamous paragraph:

"Negro slavery has a further effect on the character of the white woman, *which should commend the institution to all who love the white race more than they do the negro.* It is a shield to the virtue of the white woman.

"*So long as man is lewd, woman will be his victim.* Those who are forced to occupy a menial position have ever been, will ever be, most tempted, least protected; this is one of the evils of slavery; it attends all who are in that abject condition, *from the beautiful Circassian to the sable daughter of Africa.* While we admit the selfishness of the sentiment, *we are free to declare we love the white woman so much, we would save her even at the sacrifice of the negro,* would throw around her every shield, keep her out of the way of temptation.

"*Such are the effects of negro slavery* upon the *individual character* of the white race."

THE SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

WITH excess of trumpeting and promise, the Convention at Richmond, Va., of the wise of the South in Trade and Commerce, and of her patriots, to hatch plans of material wealth and overshadowing greatness for the slave States, was advertised throughout the land for the 30th of January, '56. Oxen were fattened and turkeys put on enlarging diet, against that day. The hospitality of Richmond was invoked for the great occasion. Money upon cap-paper subscription was liberally collected, to defray the costs and charges of the Convention. A great church was taken, and its pews were divided with just arithmetic and fair geometry between the States of the South, according to their population. Ample provision was made for a high-seated President, a large background of Vice-Presidents, and wide wings of Secretaries and newspaper reporters. The day came, and with it came delegates from North Carolina (great commercial State) in number 4—from Maryland 4—from Texas (up to her eyes in commerce) 2—from Missouri (deep in European and Asiatic commerce) 1—from Louisiana 1 Five States only represented their commerce, and these burdened the hospitality of Richmond with the addition of but twelve people to its ordinary population. The District of Columbia (engrossed in commerce) then made an effort, and presented the Convention with 7 delegates.

Virginia counting of these missionaries to the "Great Southern Commercial Convention" upon her fingers, could make but 19 of them. Let into the church and distributed by States—what would not be lost in the vacuum, would certainly be covered with ridicule. The thought was unendurable. She buckled in, and delegated 91 of her sons right out of hand, to convene with those sparse 19, and add their stock of commercial wisdom to the Convention fund.

The first question debated by the Convention was, whether it had not better adjourn, instead of staying there to make itself ridiculous. The second question was, whether the Convention was one of Virginians, or of the Southern States. Both were disposed of by melting allusion to those fatted turkeys, and spitted sirloins, and the ready hospitality of Richmond. An adjournment being regarded in the light of a discourtesy and a cruelty, was voted down, and the Convention went right to work to illustrate its leading theory of Trade and Commerce, by passing resolutions to get all the money possible out of Congress, to aid a Southern steamship line *whenever* one should be established. Distant as the Convention now was from any practical result of the getting together of the 19 plus 7 plus 91, it was blown still farther off by a resolution that the Southern and South-Western States should unite with Virginia, in establishing a Liverpool line of steamships to run from Richmond. After croning over the "wrongs of the South" and rehashing the griefs of the slave-labour States so long spoliated and impoverished by the North, and after resolving by blast of wind, unlimited energy, enterprise, industry, wealth and power for the slave States, the Convention adjourned to the turkeys and sirloins.

The dinner-table speeches and toasts were characteristic. General Green, of Texas, closed an oration in honour of Fillibusterism, with this sentiment.

The Southern Republic—Bounded on the North by Mason and Dixon's line, on the South by Patagonia—embracing the valley of the Amazon, with all the Africans in it.

Somebody then offered this toast:

The District of Columbia—The battle ground of Southern institutions. We plant our standard there. Who will desert that flag?

Governor Wise responding to a sentiment complimentary to Virginia, first scolded the audience for the way in which they cracked nuts and then "brought down the house" by declaring that in guiding the ship of State, if the "North Star sank below the horizon" he would "steer by the Southern Cross." Directing himself to the true business of the convocation, he told the Virginians then and there, nut-cracking and chewing, more and better truth than any Governor of that State ever uttered. Said Mr. Wise:

"You must concentrate capital and population in the South. Virginia has no centre of commerce of her own, because she has not exerted her influence, tunnelled the mountain and rolled up the big bend of the Ohio (applause). Gentlemen, I did not mean to make an argument or speech to-night on internal improvements. But I do say here to the men of Virginia, that this State is rich enough for every son of hers to do her reverence (applause). Her people have energy enough and strength enough to do her work (loud applause). If you face the music with me, I will face it with you (laughter and applause). And to the whole South I would say, 'Go and collect yourselves around your centres.'"

THE LEGISLATURE OF RHODE ISLAND ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

THE following report was made in the Rhode Island House of Representatives on the 15th inst.:

Executive communications have been received from the Legislatures of the States of Arkansas, Vermont, Maine and Massachusetts, containing preambles and resolutions on the subject of slavery; the organization of the Territory of Kansas; its invasion by armed citizens of Missouri; the Fugitive Slave law; the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise; on slavery in the abstract; on the repeal of laws authorizing slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories; the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law; the future non-admission of any State to the Union without a condition to exclude slavery; and other matters relating to the exciting political topics of the day.

And this General Assembly, having maturely considered the said communications, and the subject which they embrace, do resolve,

That the Compromises in our Federal Constitution should be faithfully adhered to by every citizen, and that the laws which have been or may be passed by Congress to carry out such compromises should be observed and obeyed until they shall have been declared unconstitutional by the highest tribunal—

That Missouri Compromise of 1820, entered into to allay an alarming excitement, which threatened to disturb the public peace and to produce a sectional collision resulting in civil war, and threatening a dissolution of the the Union, was made by the antagonistic parties in good faith, and with patriotic motives, and that its repeal by the Thirty-Third Congress is a signal violation of honour, of justice and of plighted faith—

That Congress, having the right to pass a declaratory act that slavery shall not hereafter exist in the Territories, is imperatively called upon to exercise that right, without delay—

That the atrocious interference of citizens of Missouri, and others not residents in Kansas, with the organization of the Government of that Territory, deserves the indignant rebuke of the Legislatures and people of every State; and that the State of Missouri is bound to disavow all participation in those acts of violence and outrage, without delay, or suffer the obloquy due for such flagrant violation of justice, law and right—

That it is inexpedient for individual States to make a tender of men or arms to Kansas to aid in repelling invaders, as it would tend directly to a sectional, civil war; and it cannot be doubted that the President of the United States will exercise his plenary constitutional power to prevent the recurrence of such violence and outrage—

That at a period of such excitement as the present, when parties, as was foreseen by the Father of his Country, are characterized "by geographical distinctions," and the North and South, fired with vindictive feelings, arrayed against each other in hostile attitudes, it is the part of wisdom, as well as patriotism, for each State Legislature in its expressions of opinions on these subjects of agitation to be temperate, moderate and candid, nor suffer the impulse of excited feeling to transport them beyond the bounds of reason, or to impair that veneration for the Union which is paramount to the most laudable objects of all the political parties of the day—

That his Excellency the Governor be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to the President of the United States, to the Governor of each of the States and Territories, and to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, with a request that our delegates in that body will use their best efforts and influence to secure by wise and judicious legislation, in every State and Territory, its constitutional right.

KANSAS QUESTION IN OHIO.

[The following resolutions are now pending in the Legislature of Ohio.]

WHEREAS, The present peace, as well as the future welfare of our country demands that there shall be no further extension of slavery and no more slave States; and,

Whereas, By the reported unlawful invasion of the Territory of Kansas by citizens of the State of Missouri, for the purpose of forcibly depriving the citizens of that Territory of their first political right, and thereby establish slavery therein by force and without authority of law; as a consequence of which invasions, civil war now exists in Kansas; and,

Whereas, The people of the Territory of Kansas have, by a Convention of delegates duly called and assembled for the purpose, formed for themselves a Constitution and State Government, which Constitution is republican, and said Convention, and the people of Kansas, by their ratification of said Constitution, having asked admission of Kansas as a State, would exclude slavery therefrom, and save that Territory from further civil tumults, and the further effusion of blood, it is hereby

Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That our Senators be and are hereby instructed, and our Representatives in Congress be requested to use their best endeavours for the immediate passage of an act of Congress admitting Kansas into the Union as a State, with such limitation of boundaries as by Congress shall be deemed advisable.

Resolved, That our Representatives be requested to vote for the immediate admission of A. H. Reeder to a seat in the House of Representatives, in Congress, as a delegate from Kansas, until such admission of Kansas as a State.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to cause a copy of this preamble and resolutions, properly certified, to be forwarded to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and that a copy be sent to the Governor of each State in the Union.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1856.

"TEN LETTERS ON SLAVERY."

AT the last annual meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (Old School), held at Nashville, Tenn., during the week commencing May 17th, 1855, two delegates from the Congregational Association of Massachusetts appeared, charged with the duty of presenting, in connection with fraternal salutations, a remonstrance, more or less strenuous, against the pro-slavery position of the Presbyterian Church. How urgent was their charge, and whether they performed it with what Abolitionists would deem faithfulness, we have no means of knowing. The least hint from without that there is anything objectionable about slavery, combined with the pricking of their consciences within, is enough to set many Southern Presbyterians in a flame at once; and even the *New York Observer* was once discontinued as "anti-slavery" by some benighted Southron. But a bulky pamphlet which has appeared in answer to the remonstrances of those delegates, and the compliment therein bestowed (at their expense) on Rev. Mr. Thayer, the delegate from Rhode Island—whose speech is praised as containing nothing calculated to disturb the serenity of the most inveterate slaveholder—induces us charitably to suppose that *something* to the purpose was really said by the delegates from Massachusetts, though they are taunted with not having told the slaveholders of the General Assembly what to do.

However this may be, there now lies before us an octavo pamphlet of 47 pages (reprinted from a weekly newspaper), consisting of "Ten Letters on the Subject of Slavery," addressed to the Congregation Delegates aforesaid, by Rev. N. L. Rice, D.D., Pastor of the IId Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Missouri, and Moderator of the last General Assembly.

Dr. Rice considers the delegates Abolitionists, and addresses them as such; and after sarcastically contrasting them with the former "wise men from the East," he makes the following classification, in which *their* position is very fairly hit, however much it blunders respecting other persons and classes.

"As Abolitionists, or as Congregationalists, were you really prepared to afford us any light? When we look into the ranks of Abolitionists, do we find *unity?* Far from it. We see one party, composed of men and women of various colours, furiously denouncing slavery and the Bible, as almost equally bad! The very principles by which this party would overturn slavery would overturn Church, State and Family, and produce the most horrid anarchy. Next behind these, we see a party professing to be Christians, but refusing to cooperate with such institutions as the American Board of Foreign Missions, the American Tract Society, &c., because they are too pro-slavery. Next in order to these is a party who sustain the Societies to which I have referred, and who would even be willing to send delegates to the General Assembly, provided they might relieve their consciences by delivering a very brief lecture on slavery. This party is represented by *The Congregationalist* and *The Independent.* Next comes a large and influential class of Congregationalists, who, *though decidedly anti-slavery*, have no sympathy with the distinctive doctrines of Abolitionists, and none with their agitations. This class is represented by such men as Drs. Adams, Humphrey, Lord, Cummings, &c."

Dr. Rice proposes, in these Ten Letters, not to denounce, but to reason; and to show that the Presbyterian Church is right in its position relative to slavery, while the course of the Abolitionists has been unscriptural, unwise, and greatly injurious to the interests of religion, to our country, and to the slaves.

He unluckily begins his plan of "reasonining" by refusing to consider whether slaveholding is *right*, but quietly *assumes* that it is so, and thus enables himself to ask many of the questions following, which would be no questions at all on the contrary supposition. It should also be noticed that by using the technical cant of his clerical brethren, the delegates, and assuming the positions which they (fraternizing with the General Assembly, the Tract Society and the Board of Missions) hold in common with himself, he gains opportunities to use the *argumentum ad hominem* which would not exist with real Abolitionists.

He first proposes to view slavery "as a providential fact," and asks: "Brethren, has it ever occurred to you that God has some great and benevolent ends to accomplish by permitting slavery to exist in our country? May it not be that God, in his providence, *sent* the Africans to this country that they might receive the light of the Gospel, and that from amongst them he might gather into his kingdom many precious souls? You, of course, believe that God wisely adapts means to ends. The end designed, *as you will not deny*, was the conversion and salvation of a multitude of those degraded Africans. *You will not deny*, moreover, that the spiritual and eternal interests of the slaves are of infinitely greater importance than their freedom from human bondage."

It must require a large stock, both of impudence and wickedness, to present the above ideas seriously, as truth, to any intelligent beings, even to clergymen, who, being cramped in reason and conscience by their theological education, and depraved by the habit of admitting slaveholders to be Christians in their churches at home, are especially open to such assaults. We know, however, from a large experience among those people who call themselves the salt of the earth and the light of the world, that any "eminently pious" man may say such things, and many clergymen *do* say them, though such entire thoroughness in the substitution of darkness for light as we see in the above extract is rarely found but with the full-blown Doctor of Divinity. Any fool may claim impunity for his sins on the ground that God foreordained them; but to declare, without a blush, that the grossest oppression and injustice is a meritorious fulfilment of prophecy, or of God's purposes, and as such to be counted for righteousness to him who perpetrates it, requires a Dr. Rice or a Dr. Lord.

Fancy a highway robber, after taking a pocket-book and a bottle of brandy from a traveller, addressing him in this style: "Brother, the sin of intemperance has plunged many precious souls into perdition. Does it not occur to you that God, in his providence, has taken this money from your pocket that you may get no more of this destructive liquor? You, of course, believe that God wisely adapts means to ends; and you will not deny that your spiritual and eternal interests are of infinitely greater importance than the possession of these few hundred dollars."

Or, to make the parallelism more complete, fancy Mrs. Stowe's Legree, unchanged except by membership in Dr. Rice's church, and the substitution of the Doctor's dialect for his own. The instructions of his pastor, and the practice of his pious brethren have convinced him that slaveholding is right. He has bought Tom, and *owns* him, yet this disobedient chattel refuses to flog Emmeline in obedience to his master's repeated command. Looking from the "evangelical" point of view, what is he to do? His relation of master to as many slaves and concubines as his circumstances require is perfectly clear, since Abraham, the "friend of God" and the "father of the faithful," had both, without reproof. Though Tom is a troublesome and disobedient servant, a pious master cannot relinquish his responsibility for him, and drive him away free, for various reasons. Knowing that negroes cannot take care of themselves, he must continue to supply his chattel with food and clothing, and, of course, exact his service in return. Loving his slaveholding neighbours as himself, and knowing their aversion to free negroes, he cannot turn Tom "loose" among them. Knowing that the powers that be are ordained of God, and that those powers in his State have forbidden emancipation, piety and good citizenship alike forbid him to shirk his responsibilities in that way. Nothing remains but the trial of that "correction" which at first is not joyous, but grievous, though afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Still, however, the pious Legree must delay long enough to make plain to his unfaithful servant the enormity of his offence, and the Scriptural ground of his approaching "correction." "Tom!" he says, "I greatly fear you are an infidel. You know, from that excellent tract by Bishop Meade, which I gave you, that disobedience to your master is disobedience to God. You know, because the good Dr. Rice has often told you, and I have read it to you every Sabbath since my conversion, that the Word of God requires you to submit yourself to *every* ordinance of man for the Lord's sake—to *obey* your master—to be subject, not only to the gentle, but *also to the froward.* And you know, too, from the same holy book, that the servant who knoweth his master's will and doeth it not, shall be beaten with *many* stripes. The prophecies must be fulfilled! Sambo and Quimbo, lay on; but temper justice with mercy so far as to stop the very moment he consents to obey my command. I shall look in after meeting, and I trust that (through a blessing on your discipline) his stubborn heart will be softened before that time."

The sanctimonious irreverence of Dr. Rice's appeals to the will of God, the purposes of God, and the Word of God, is beyond the possibility of caricature. He claims, in elaborate and minute detail, or else assumes as self-evident, the following enormous falsehoods:

That *God* sent the original victims of the slave trade to this country; that one chief purpose of his so sending them was the salvation of their souls; that the Gospel is actually preached by the masters, or their agents, to the slaves at the South—that by such preaching the slaves are made Christians—that by so being made Christians they escape an eternity of future suffering, and secure an eternity of happiness—and that this state of things forms a justification of their masters for holding them in slavery, and condemns the Abolitionists as contending against God in opposing slavery, and requires implicit submission and obedience of slaves to their masters, as a duty to God; and all this is based upon the still more enormous false assumption—not less blasphemy than falsehood—but which Dr. Rice triumphantly holds the Congregational delegates bound to concede—that God is wicked enough to torment eternally every barbarous native of Africa who lives and dies without hearing the sort of stuff that is presented as "the Gospel" by Southern masters to Southern slaves.

If we have a single reader so deluded by the solemn tone and phraseology with which the pro-slavery clergy mask their dishonest use of the name, and will, and purposes of God, as to accept the conclusion which Dr. Rice is seeking to urge upon them in the extract above quoted, it may be worth while to use the further space necessary for a plain statement of our opposite ideas.

In the first place, the argument that God's omniscience and supreme control over the affairs of this world imply his *purpose* that the existing tyranny called slavery *should* exist, and, further, that those who, by tyrannizing, accomplish this his purpose, *do right*, is reduced to an absurdity by the obvious fact that it would justify, in like manner, every perpetrator of every enormity that the world has ever witnessed, even the betrayal and crucifixion of Christ. If the cruel and shameful death which the innocent Jesus suffered was a part of God's *purpose* in the history of mankind, did not those who executed God's purpose *do well?* Let Dr. Rice answer.

Or, to treat the matter more positively—We feel in ourselves, and see in others, that God's mode of working is *not* to *compel* men to be good, but to leave them the *power* to do *wrong*. It is plain also that he has given us conscience to teach what is right, reason to teach what is wise, and the golden rule to teach what is appropriate conduct from ourselves to others; and that he has designed these to be used in harmonious concert for our instruction. It is plain also that he has given us numerous inducements to encourage the right use of these various powers, and has checked and discouraged the wrong use of them by an invariable sequence, more or lest direct, of suffering or evil. His *purpose*, then, seems to be to induce every human being to build up for himself a right character, through the pursuit of right ends by right means; and His perfection is the pledge that he will assist and bless every effort to do this in every human being. But this same perfection of God is incompatible with his authorizing the pursuit of right ends by wrong means, and, still more, of wrong ends by wrong means; so that, however his *purpose* with regard to men includes the concession of *power* to do wrong, it never *authorizes* the wrong, nor *justifies* the wrong-doer.

The spiritual interests of the slaves of infinitely greater importance than their freedom from human bondage? Dr. Rice might as well say that food is of infinitely greater importance than drink, or light than air. Their spiritual interests *cannot* be properly advanced while they are in bondage. The absolutely indispensable preliminary to a right cultivation of the moral and religious nature is removal from a situation where they are required to regard duty as something to be dictated from without, and where their own idea of right, so far from being allowed to regulate their lives, is contemptuously ignored and crushed down by an *owner's* authority.

The claim that, at a certain definite point in past history, God ordained slavery, that He has ever since authorized it, that He now approves it, and that, for the whole hideous brood of vices and evils indispensably comprised in it, He, and not each individual slaveholder, is responsible—this monstrous group of falsities is the *foundation* of Dr. Rice's defence. In another article we will point out some of its subordinate and incidental errors.

THE CINCINNATI FUGITIVE CASE.

ON the first page will be found the argument of Mr. Jolliffe in behalf of the three fugitives (the old man and his wife, and their son, the father of the murdered child), claimed by Mr. Marshall. It is a noble appeal to the conscience and the humanity of the Commissioner; but alas! what are conscience and humanity when weighed against an oath to support a Constitution which requires the fugitive to be given up to his master, and a statute whose constitutionality the Court has not the courage to deny?

We have before us the reply of Col. Chambers, the counsel of the claimant, to the argument of Mr. Joliffe. It is remarkable for its admission that, on humane and moral grounds, the master could have no claim to his chattels. He can only point to the bloody statute, demanding his "pound of flesh" as therein prescribed, and insisting that the Commissioner has no right to decide the question according to the principles of justice and the dictates of humanity! The law of God has nothing to do with the case, but only the statute of Congress? Such is the Atheism which slavery introduces into public affairs. Read the slaveholder's plea!

"Col. Chambers commenced his speech by saying, that, could one of the founders of our Government have just arisen from a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and awoke in the Court-room yesterday while my friend Mr. Jolliffe was making his argument, he would have supposed this a church or public assembly, and this congregation called together to promote religious liberty—to build up the church of Christ, or to do anything in God's name except to try a grave, legal cause.

"I must say, and have said, that that speech was a great effort—eloquent and powerful—but it was the outpouring of a heart and intellect jaundiced by prejudice—of a mind warped by fanaticism. The whole of his argument was on the sinfulness of slavery, and on the question whether you, as a Commissioner, could perform the duties prescribed by the law in this case without violating the law of God.

"I will not enter here into any defense of slavery. I believe its tendency in this country to be demoralizing. Such a discussion does not belong to this Court, which is a Court of law simply—a Court which has not to issue theological mandates, but simply to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

"He then gave a history of the progress of anti-slavery sentiments in Kentucky—of the starting of Cassius M. Clay's paper, the *True American*, at Lexington, and the destruction of his press; also, of his own (Col. C.'s) moderate course, as a member of the Kentucky Legislature, during that excitement. His very first utterance of an original idea on the platform had been at that time. He advocated, and always had since, the abolition of the institution.

"But, said he, how have the North treated us in our progress towards emancipation? They have turned to us—fanatically—and called us buyers and sellers of human flesh and blood. Even the pulpit turned upon us, and Christian ministers pointed us, as Mr. Jolliffe did yesterday, to the text, Do unto others as you would that they should do to you. Was such treatment kind or brotherly?

"Our liberties were conquered by slaveholders as well as by the free men of the North. Many of the old pioneers of liberty held these people in servitude, and found no harm in it, but found comfort and ease. They had not learned to reason about its sinfulness, and had no Mr. Jolliffe, or Wm. Lloyd Garrison among them to denounce them for it.

"In regard to his (Mr. Jolliffe's) remark that 'the meaner a white man is, the more he hates a negro,' I can say that I do not know a white man under the sun that hates a negro. I know some negroes that I love, and all of them I pity. We of the South are on more intimate terms with them, and love them better than our brethren of the North.

"Again: His remark about my client's coming into Court with bloody hands, was unkind. I know my client to be a man of pure, unblemished character. He will hold up his hands in the sight of God and men, with Mr. Jolliffe or any of his Abolition friends, and let God and the world look upon them and see which has the deepest stain. If there is guilt anywhere except in the heart of that mother, it is not with my client, but with those who had incited her to do the deed. It was a deed of horror calculated to excite the public mind against slavery—but only to a limited extent and for a brief period. There will be a reaction. The people will go back to the Bible—back to the law. 'Thou shalt not kill.' My client's hand is not stained with the child's blood. My learned friend's (Mr. Jolliffe's) speech was devoted principally to the constitutional, or what I would call the Christian aspect of the case. He argued that a man should not be forced to do what his conscience don't like to, and advised you (the Commissioner) to look to the law of God, and leave out that of Congress; but I've no apprehension that you'll do any such thing as that.

"He then read long extracts from a pamphlet entitled, 'A NORTHERN PRESBYTER'S SECOND LETTER TO MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL OF ALL DENOMINATIONS, ON SLAVERY, BY NATHAN LORD, *of Dartmouth College.*'

"The views of Dr. Lord he approved and recommended. One of the passages read gave some ideas of the meliorations and improvements slavery would have to receive in order to make it a suitable institution to exist under the millenium.

"But, said he, there is a good time ahead—life to the nation if the people will only be quiet. We have the Union yet, and let those who would dissolve it for the sake of the slave remember that in achieving the liberty of three millions of blacks they are pettilling those of twenty-four millions of the white race. The States separated—isolated—would soon be parcelled out by Francis Joseph, Louis Napoleon and Queen Victoria, as they parcelled out Poland."

Suppose we concede, for the sake of the argument, that the Union is the good and glorious thing which Col. Chambers and the pro-slavery party generally assume it to be, when they would persuade the North to maintain it at whatever sacrifice of honour and justice; what then shall be said of the South, who, for the sake of holding the slaves in bondage, are continually putting that Union in peril? Is it worse in the North to "let the Union slide" in order to *free* three millions of slaves than it is in the South to dash it in pieces in order to keep them still in their chains?

Dr. Lord will perceive that his latest production was admitted to its proper place in the *Vade Mecum* of the kidnapper. Those Northern religious presses (*Independent, Congregationalist*, &c.) and anti-slavery clergymen (H. W. Beecher, R. S. Storrs, etc.) who still endorse Dr. Lord, Dr. Adams, Dr. Blagden, etc., as Christians and Christian ministers, may draw what consolation they can from this fact.

The trial of Margaret Garner and her three surviving children, who were claimed as the slaves of Archibald K. Gaines, followed immediately upon the close of that of the other fugitives.

The Court having been opened on the 11th inst., Margaret and her children were brought in. The *Gazette* says:

"Margaret is about five feet three inches in height, and rather stoutly than delicately made. She is a mulatto, showing from one-fourth to one-third white blood. Her forehead is high, and has a protuberance—not so large of course, but something like that which made Daniel Webster's so striking. Her eyebrows are delicate lines finely arched, and her eyes, though not remarkably large, are bright and intelligent. The African appears in the lower part of her face, in the broad nose and thick lips. Her ear is small, her wrist and hand large, and she wears a plain gold or brass ring on the little finger of the left hand. She is 22 or 23 years of age.

"She was dressed in dark calico, with a small handkerchief on her shoulders, pinned closely about her neck, and a yellow cotton kerchief was wrapped, turban-like, or *a la ole Virginny*, around her head.

"The child in her arms is a little girl about nine months old, and is much lighter in colour than herself—light enough to show a red tinge in its cheeks.

"Her eyes during the trial were generally cast down. She would look up occasionally for an instant with a timid, apprehensive glance at the strange faces around her. The babe, with its little hands, was continually fondling her face, but she rarely noticed it, and her general expression was one of extreme sadness. Only once, when it put its hand to her mouth, we observed her smile upon it, and playfully bite its little fingers with her lips.

"On the left side of her forehead, just above the outer extremity of her eyebrow, is an old scar, and on the cheek-bone of the same side another. We asked her how these scars came there. She said, 'White man struck me.'

"The boys are 4 and 6 years old, respectively, and are bright-eyed, woolly-headed, cunning-looking little fellows, as almost all little black boys are. Their fat cheeks dimple when they laugh, and they amused themselves most of the time during the trial by sitting on the floor and playing with the turned table-legs.

"The murdered child was almost white, and was a little girl of rare beauty.

"Mr. Archibald K. Gaines, the master, is not a large man, being but little above medium height and quite slender. His head is small; his hair bushy, standing up, and gray. He wears whiskers, meeting at the chin, also gray. His face is thin, the lower part quite narrow, and marked with numerous lines. He has a small foot and hand; the latter looks rough, but more from exposure than labour. His dress is careless, but his general manner rather gentlemanly. There is nothing coarse, disagreeable or repulsive about his appearance, but, on the contrary, he seems to be (and we have no doubt he is) an agreeable and intelligent gentleman. He is a member of the Old School Presbyterian Church; is regarded as very orthodox, and is the chief supporter of the church clergyman of that denomination in his neighbourhood."

It is very pleasant to be thus assured that the kidnapper is a strictly "evangelical" man and a firm supporter of the gospel! He is even a *representative* man in this respect, belonging doubtless to the very class so often described by Northern Doctors of Divinity—*pious* slaveholders, who do not hold their victims "for gain," but only for their own good. They sigh for an opportunity to emancipate their slaves, and are only restrained from doing so by the cruel slave laws, which would at once consign them again to bondage! And yet no sooner do any of their slaves take their flight to a free State than these pious, orthodox, tender-hearted masters start at once upon their trail, availing themselves of bloodhounds or whatever other instrumentality may be necessary to catch them and bring them back. The pious scoundrel who thus seeks, by the aid of the United States Government, to get this American mother and her children into his clutches, that he may rank them among his chattels, will, likely enough, turn up as a delegate from the Synod of Kentucky in the next General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church; and Northern ministers and delegates may receive from his hands the consecrated bread and wine! Such is American Christianity!

Mr. Jolliffe asked for a continuance of the case in order to secure the attendance of a witness from Oregon, who would testify that Margaret had once been in Ohio with the consent of her master. The Court said the case might proceed, and if he should find this point material to the cause, he would make proper provision for procuring the testimony. Mr. Jolliffe asked that the Rev. A. A. Livermore be appointed as guardian *ad litem* for "Cilley," the babe. Col. Chambers thought such a proposition too absurd for argument. It was bringing the case where the gentleman had all along tried to put it, viz.: within the humanities. The Court decided against the appointment of guardian.

The evidence on behalf of the claimant presented no unusual features. It was clear enough, if witnesses could be believed, that the women and children, according to the laws of Kentucky, were the property of the claimant. On the other hand, there was evidence that the woman had once been brought into Ohio by her master, and Mr. Jolliffe contended that, on this account, she was entitled to her freedom. Margaret herself was permitted to testify on behalf of her children, which she did as follows:

"Margaret Garner (the mother of the three living and of the murdered child) being sworn, was asked—Were you ever in Ohio before? Ans. Yes, Sir. Ques. When? Ans. I came here when I was about seven years old. (To other questions from time to time, her answers were as follows): I came here with John Gaines and his wife; her name was Eliza Gaines; they came on a visit to Mr. Bush's, who lived in Covington, and staid there a week; during that time they spent one day over here, and they brought me over to nurse the baby; that was Mary Gaines; Mary was'n't quite as large then as my baby. (Her baby is about nine months old.) They brought me across the river to Cincinnati; we came over pretty soon in the morning, and staid tolerable late in the evening; don't know whether it was a tavern or private house they stopped at; don't remember the name of the people where they stayed; was never over any other time than that; I'll be twenty-three years old the 4th day of next June; Miss Mary Gaines is very near seventeen years old; she's at her uncle Archibald's, in Boone County; John P. Gaines was my master at that time; that was before he sold me to Archibald K. Gaines; don't recollect anything particular on that day I was over here, except that my mistress was very careful in keeping me close by her; kept me sitting by her side all the time; don't know what they came over here for; Mrs. John P. Gaines is dead; she died in Oregon; John P. Gaines is in Oregon; pretty near seven years since he went there; these three children here with me are mine; all been born since I was here in Ohio with John P. Gaines; as far as I understand old Mrs. Gaines owned me; I lived with her; often heard her say, when Mr. Gaines was by, that I was her servant; never heard him deny it; never heard him say it was so."

The arguments on both sides were much the same as in former cases. We must give a gem from that of S. J. Wall in behalf of the kidnapper:

"He pictured the results which must necessarily occur if the prisoners were not given back to their owner—distrust would grow up between master and slave, where now exist respect and esteem, and declared it his opinion that Kentucky would have long since emancipated her

LETTER FROM A. M. POWELL.

To the Editors of The Standard:

THE weather, for the past seven weeks, has been such, here in Michigan, as to afford the anti-slavery lecturer a pretty cool experience, outside, at least, if not in the lecture room. The "oldest inhabitant," I believe, has never known as severe, nor as protracted a season of cold weather in the previous history of Michigan. I am now writing at the fireside of a very warm-hearted Abolitionist, Ethan Lapham, an aged man, a pioneer settler of Oakland County, one who came in here, in the midst of a dense wilderness, and began to wrestle with the huge oaks, about thirty years ago, and is now surrounded by one of the most beautiful and excellent Agricultural districts to be found in this State, or elsewhere.

A few years since, a copy of the "Brotherhood of Thieves, or a True Picture of the American Church and Clergy," was placed in the hands of our friend, and by him, carefully perused. From the reading of that most valuable anti-slavery pamphlet, he has become a deeply interested and constant reader of the *Liberator* and the *Bugle*, and an active and uncompromising coworker in the glorious cause of Human Liberty. Few contributions of the pamphlet kind, have rendered more essential service to our cause, than the one above named, from the pen of STEPHEN S. FOSTER. I regret to learn that it is now out of print. Whether we have the *Disunion Political Party*, proposed by Mr. Foster, or not, I hope we may have a new edition of the "Brotherhood of Thieves" at an early day.

During the coldest weather in the early part of January, Mr. and Mrs. Philleo and myself were engaged in holding meetings at Brighton and Milford, and in an adjoining neighbourhood. Milford has the reputation of being a very decided *Republican* town, and also of having rather more than an ordinary amount of *piety*, or of the popular religion. Our meetings there, although tolerably well attended, afforded only slim and unpromising results. At Brighton and the adjoining neighbourhood, we had very good and encouraging meetings. While prosecuting our labours in that locality, we were very kindly entertained by George Roberts and family, to whom we are much indebted.

From Brighton we went to Howell, the county seat of Livingston County. Howell is a small but very pleasantly located village, surrounded by apparently a very good, though moderately improved farming country. The most deforming feature which arrests one's attention on approaching the village, is the number of *steeples* which it affords. On becoming acquainted with the character of its inhabitants we found a prevailing *moral deformity*, corresponding with the number of steeples and steeple-houses. Our meetings here were only moderately attended, and, at that, mainly from a curiosity to hear a woman speak, rather than from any particular sympathy with the object of our visit. A few friends were found, however, who manifested an active interest in the cause of the slave, and who give promise of future usefulness.

Our next point in the campaign, was at Lansing, the Capital of the State. It is now about seven years since, in the midst of an extensive forest, a clearing was made to erect the State House, and other necessary buildings for the accommodation of the State. Now there is a flourishing village, covering a large extent of surface, with some fine improvements. The location is really beautiful, and surpasses that of any town that I have yet visited in the interior of Michigan. The State Agricultural College is to be located near here; here also is the Michigan Female College, which, I am told, is a sort of a *finishing up* school for girls, and a *preparatory* school for boys. The meetings here were held in the Senate Chamber, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Philleo, and were, I believe, in a good degree successful. In going from Howell to Lansing, a distance of about thirty miles, we have a great deal of forest scenery, passing, for a considerable portion of the way, through the "timbered openings," sometimes travelling several miles without seeing a human habitation. Life in these pioneer districts, where the "clearing process" has just been commenced, with the hastily erected log cabins, &c., &c., presents a very different aspect from that in the old settled townships of New York, and New England.

In company with Jacob Walton, jun., I went from Lansing to Long Plain, and held two meetings; and returning met Mr. and Mrs. Philleo at Lyons. While they remained at and in the vicinity of Lyons, and had excellent and very satisfactory meetings, I visited Ionia, and had two very good meetings, which were held in the Baptist Church. Ionia is the county seat of Ionia County, is pleasantly located near the Grand River, and on the line of the new railroad now in process of construction from Detroit to Grand Haven. There is a United States Land Office located here, which brings some National patronage to the place, and with it a corresponding "*national*" influence on the subject of slavery. Were ever the rulers of any nation more devoted to despotism and injustice, than are the Government Officials of this nation to its "peculiar institution" of cruelty and oppression? The meetings here were not largely attended, but on the part of those who were present, a very gratifying degree of interest was manifested. I am particularly indebted to Daniel Merritt and family, and Mrs. Titus Merritt, of Ionia, for their hospitality and very kind cooperation.

Our campaign for January closed with meetings at Grand Rapids. This town, or city, I believe it is, contains about five thousand inhabitants, and is noted for being a very active business place. There are several papers published here, both weekly and daily, I believe three, or more, of each. The city is surrounded by a very good farming country, which is, however, as yet, but little improved. The meetings at this place were of a very interesting character—made the more so by the discussions, which were participated in by the Editor of the *Enquirer*, and others. The audiences were good sized, intelligent and very attentive, and a good work was accomplished.

I am now in Macomb County, about forty miles northwest of Detroit, fulfilling a series of appointments, which continue until the 2d of March.

Yours, for UNIVERSAL LIBERTY,

AARON M. POWELL.

ROMEO, Mich., Feb. 14, 1856.

"FREE-LOVE IN THE CHURCH."

The Tribune, having been foremost to condemn the doctrines of Free-Love as lately taught by a Club in Broadway, is also prompt in calling public attention to the development of the same principles and practices, under the authority of the American Board in India. Having given the more important portions of the extracts from Dr. Allen's work contained in our last, that paper expresses itself as follows:

"We are not aware to what precise extent this decision of the Calcutta Missionaries has received the sanction and approbation of our American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; but so far as it has been sanctioned by them and those who contribute to their funds, they do not seem to be in a very favourable position for opposing, on the ground of polygamous practices, the admission of Utah into the Union, or the recognition of Mormonism as one of the religious sects of the country, with all the rights, privileges and immunities generally claimed by these sects, and conceded as appertaining unto them.

"If polygamy, and the continual practice of it, affords no ground for refusing to those who give other 'credible evidence of personal piety' admission into our missionary churches, how can it be made an objection to admitting Utah and the Mormons into our political and religious fellowship and brotherhood? If this converted Mohammedan and that converted Hindoo may still keep with safety to their souls and without scandal to their brethren, their ten or twenty wives a piece, on what principle is the same privilege to be denied to Brigham Young or Parley Pratt? As to the restriction 'that such a person is not eligible to any office in the church,' that might not go down in Utah; but we apprehend that here in New York, the 'Free-Lovers,' if they can only obtain the indorsement of the Churches and admission into them, will readily, by way of affording some unction to the troubled consciences of their indulgent and accommodating brethren, forego for the present all claims and pretensions to the offices of ministers and deacons.

"It will, however, doubtless be alleged by those who adopt and defend the decision of the Calcutta missionaries, that a clear distinction exists between temporarily tolerating an admitted evil with the design and intention speedily to get rid of it, and the reintroduction of that evil where it has once been abolished. And these same persons will also be likely to insist that for the sake of making converts and extending the area of the Church some things must be put up with for a while in India that cannot for a moment be allowed in America. There is a certain plausibibility in this reasoning. Yet how loud have been the outcries raised against the Catholic missionaries for having fallen in with and honoured the heathen ideas and habits of their converts, with a view of using those ideas and habits as a stepping-stone to Christianity? At the same time, is it not the fact, that however far in this matter the Catholic missionaries may have gone, yet never have they gone so far as to sanction polygamy in their converts!

"Nor is the Church here in America, in a case quite parallel, at all favourable to the view entertained by the missionaries that polygamy, once recognised and sustained as compatible with church membership, is, by virtue of the simultaneous testimony of the Church against it, going to 'close' with the lives of the first converts. What, we beg leave respectfully to ask, has been the experience of the American Churches under a precisely similar operation—that of uttering the testimony of the Church against slavery, and at the same time admitting slaveholders, 'when they gave credible evidence of personal piety,' to seek and to obtain 'admission into the Christian Church?'

"Take the case of the Methodists for example. Wesley began by denouncing slavery as the 'sum of all villanies,' and by the early discipline of the Methodist Church slaveholders could not be admitted into that communion. Before many years, however, influenced doubtless by much the same sort of reasoning relied upon and the same sort of hopes entertained by the Calcutta Missionaries, slaveholders did get admission into the Methodist Church—though some rule or usage still existed, by way of testimony against slavery, that no slaveholder should be a preacher or a bishop; and what has been the result of this temporising policy? Did slaveholding in the Methodist Church die out under it? Everybody knows, on the contrary, that slaveholding has split the Church into halves—that the slaveholders, indignant at the Church's testimony against slavery, have seceded and set up a Church of their own, by which no such testimony is uttered, and in which to be a slaveholder is no disqualification for the highest ecclesiastical preferments. The experience of the Presbyterian Church is precisely similar. The recent attempt in the Cherokee Nation, defeated only by the veto of John Ross, to silence the testimony of the missionary churches there against slavery, is precisely in point. Is it not reasonable to expect that similar results will happen in India, and that polygamy, from being tolerated in the churches as an admitted evil, will become in the end as slavery now has, to be recognised as a positive good, expressly sanctioned by the word of God?"

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11th, 1856.

IT is a curious and interesting fact, that in all our national contests between slavery and freedom, the triumph of the former is made in the end to accrue to the advantage of the latter. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill is, at this moment, working great good for the cause; not merely by the wholesome agitation and healthful reaction it is producing; not merely by putting an end forever to the sanctity of slaveholding compromises; not merely by repealing the cordon of 36 deg. 30 min., below which freedom was, by agreement, tabooed; but by the establishment of a doctrine which, in the hands of the people, may be pursued directly and extensively to the subversion of the slave-system. I allude to the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty." The most sagacious of the slaveholders saw this from the beginning and now the uneasiness which they felt seems to be spreading into a general alarm. The Richmond *Whig* says: "It ('Squatter Sovereignty') is one of the most diabolical modes of invading Southern rights which Yankee rascality ever invented. Open and undisguised Abolition was far more respectable and less dangerous." The Charleston *Mercury* asks: "What has brought us to this crisis? Squatter Sovereignty abolitionised California—Squatter Sovereignty was the cornerstone of the Compromise of 1850; and, by the magic of its power, and her vast advantages over the South for colonization, the North hoped to complete, over every inch of the common domain, her ascendancy and our defeat." This is the view that sagacious Southern men take of the operation of the doctrine which lies at the bottom of the Kansas Bill. There are shrewd-sighted men at the North who seem to regard the matter in the same light. Of this number is C. C. Cambreling, a former Senator from your State and a leading man among the Democracy. In a recent letter intended to reunite his demoralized party for the next Presidential campaign, he says:

"Even Southern men in Kansas acknowledge that it will inevitably be a free State; this is the last struggle for Slavery; for the half-dozen Territories remaining are already free, and will remain so. There would not have been half the trouble about Kansas but for Atchison's struggle to get back into the Senate. As the question now stands, there ought to be no difficulty whatever in uniting the Democratic party; for the principle of the Nebraska and Kansas bill—squatter sovereignty—whatever its origin, gives us every Territory belonging to the United States, and all we have now to insist upon is, that it shall be honestly enforced—that Kansas shall have fair play. Practically, there is no difference worth quarreling about.

"We have now, besides Kansas and Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah, Minnesota, Oregon and Washington, making seven Territories, which will give us seven free States. Some think the fate of Kansas doubtful; but the invasion of the Missouri rowdies, independent of natural causes, will make it a free State. These borderers came over first, to vote for pro-slavery men; the second time to vote against them in the location of the capital; and the third time to make a bluster under Shannon, plunder the people and drink whiskey. This is the last and dying struggle of slavery. Under such circumstances I cannot conceive what we can possibly gain by resisting a principle which has hitherto excluded slavery from our Territories.

"The slaveholders will not get Kansas, and they are now deprived of the pretext of going into the Territories south of 36 deg. 30 min., under that compromise. They generally oppose non-intervention on that ground, and contend for carrying the compromise line to the Pacific ocean. It is certainly not for our interest now, to have that compromise line restored. Why the South should have voted for its repeal is a question for themselves to settle—they all at that time admitted that Kansas would never be a slave State."

All this is very encouraging. It shows the importance of the present struggle on the Kansas question and the imperious necessity there is for counteracting the designs of Atchison & Co. on that Territory. There is an intense alarm among the slaveholders on this subject, and they will leave no stone unturned to accomplish their purpose. Their policy now will be to stave off the question of the admission of Kansas as a State, knowing that the result would be a defeat of their purposes, and the partial establishment of the doctrine of "No more slave States." On this point the Charleston *Mercury* speaks very plainly. "Any application for the admission of Kansas," says that print, "as a State (for which it is not prepared) will be precluded by the present organization. The House can now prevent its introduction as a slave State, and on the other hand the pro-slavery party in that territory is yet sufficiently strong to postpone the application, and thus rebuff and then defeat. They have now the advantage of position—the legal control of affairs, and if the people of the South are prompt and decisive in rendering them needed support, time will be a gain to them. The vital question—whether any more slave States shall ever be admitted into this Confederacy—involved in the case of Kansas, will be deferred to another Congress. While time daily gives the North increased power, in this instance it may be made to inure to the benefit of the South." The slaveholders have discovered, you perceive, that Kansas is "not prepared" to come in as a State. They want to "gain time." To make this time "inure to the benefit of the South" you may be sure they will give neither sleep to their eyes nor slumber to their eyelids. This is the aspect the question wears politically and at the seat of government; the view in which it presents itself in the disputed territory, the facts which your news columns, this week, will doubtless contain, will make manifest. Both parties are mustering for the conflict. Both are inviting and receiving subsidies from their respective sections of the Union; and the Spring will open with two armies on the ground ready to take the field, the one for slavery, the other for freedom. This is a contest of vastly more significance and ultimate importance than that which is now going on in the Crimea. What is an effete dynasty or a question of political boundary, or lake navigation, compared with a direct struggle for the emancipation of a race, the freedom of a whole continent?

Before leaving the subject of "Squatter Sovereignty," it is possible that there are some of your readers who don't know precisely what is imported by this elegant phrase. For their benefit and that they may better understand the speculations I have been indulging in upon this subject, I will define it; or rather I will let General Cass, who is regarded as the author of the doctrine, define it:

"I there maintained," said General Cass, in a personal explanation in the Senate, "that the people of every organized Territory, possessed of a Legislature, have the right, through such Legislature, to regulate all the relations of domestic life—those of parent and child, of husband and wife, and of master and servant, and of all similar conditions, and to introduce or abolish slavery, as fully as the people of a State; and that the change from a Territorial to a State Government does not enlarge or diminish, or change this power of legislation. I consider it an essential attribute of the right of man to govern himself, without interference elsewhere."

Said Senator Stewart, General Cass's colleague, on the same occasion:

"I have lived up at home to just that creed which I expected gentlemen residing in other parts of the Union to live up to—a fair and full bona fide execution of the Kansas-Nebraska act, authorizing *the people in the Territories* and in the States to legislate for themselves on the subject of slavery. I insisted that it was fair, was reasonable, was judicious, so far as Congress was concerned, even if they possessed the power, to leave the matter to the people."

The Southern doctrine on the power of the Territories is the opposite of this. The South holds that a Territorial Legislature can *not* abolish slavery or exclude it from the Territories; and that this can only be done by the State Constitution.

Mr. Banks has given full as much satisfaction by his arrangement of the Committees as was to be expected. Pennsylvania is well represented in the Ways and Means, and the friends of Home Industry seem satisfied that everything has been done for the interests of the State that could be asked of a Free Trade Speaker. It is a happy thing for Pennsylvania when the claims of humanity and home-made iron go hand in hand.

We had an interesting case, last week, of emancipation by the force of Pennsylvania law. A woman, somewhat more advanced in years than Jane Johnson, was brought to the Anti-Slavery Office, who said she was a slave, but desired to be free. Her name was Hannah, sometimes called Hannah *Moore*, after the name of her owner. She was from Independence, Missouri, about 30 miles from the border of Kansas. She was brought here by her mistress, who came to this city, three months ago, intending to embark for California, there to join her husband, who has been for some time a resident of that State. Unpropitious circumstances, however, had prevented her from getting on any further on her journey, and she was here with an indefinite prospect of leaving. In the meantime, Hannah had found out that, by the laws of the State, she was entitled to her liberty, and had been advised by many, including some of her own mistress's family connections with whom she was staying, to avail herself of her rights. It was at the instance of these friends that she came to the Anti-Slavery Office. Of course she was told that there was no obstacle in the way of her leaving her mistress at once; and that if she were to do so, a place would be immediately provided for her, where she would be treated with kind consideration, and be paid equitable wages for her services. She seemed sorry to leave Mrs. Moore, as she was and had been for some time pretty much the main-stay of the family, and was, besides, very much attached to the children. Duty to herself, however, she considered, required that she should part from them; and she went home comforted with the assurance that the next day she should be brought away and put at a suitable place, which should, in the meantime, be provided for her. Accordingly, the next day, the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, with a friend, called, in a carriage, at the house where Mrs. Moore was staying. It was the house, indeed, of her own sister, a warm, kind-hearted lady, who was as anxious as any of the rest for the deliverance of Hannah from her yoke of bondage. Mrs. Moore had been apprised of what was going to take place, and had made up her mind to submit to it with the best grace possible. She interposed no serious obstacle to the departure of Hannah, and contented herself with saying, with ill-suppressed rage, to the gentlemen who called, that if she had known how Hannah was going to behave, she "would have sold her and put her in her pocket before leaving Independence." Hannah was deeply affected in taking leave of the children, and several of them, as also the sister and a nephew of Mrs. Moore, followed her to the door and bade her a kind and congratulatory good-bye. They were not only respectful, but even seemed grateful to the gentlemen for giving liberty to this poor captive. Before Hannah had completed her arrangements for starting, Mrs. Moore left the room and went up stairs. "She can't stand it," said her sister in a whisper aside, "to see her going."

Hannah was taken immediately to Clarkson Hall, where it was known the Female Anti-Slavery Society was then holding its Annual Meeting. The circumstances of her case were stated to the meeting, and Hannah was asked to give some account of herself, and of her reasons for wishing to be free. She took the platform, and, in a distinct and intelligible manner, this poor, unlearned, ill-used, hard-favoured woman told a tale of sorrow and suffering that dissolved the whole audience into tears. "I never had no father nor mother," she said; "I was a picked-up child. The man that I first remember living with bought me on the road, from another man that was leading me by the hand. He gave a horse for me. I was then about four years old. I never knowed who was my father or mother, and no one ever could tell me." Thus began the touching story of this poor creature, and thus, with unabated and touching interest, it continued to the end. Hannah had been owned by several masters, and had been hardly used. She had an only son, who was a slave in Kansas, but whose master had sold him, fearing that Kansas might become a free State. Hannah's account of the sale and separation from her of her only relation in the world was very moving. Adin Ballou, who was present, was called upon to address the meeting; but he said but few words. The simple, touching eloquence of this unlettered woman, he said, was more powerful than anything he could add.

Hannah was taken from the meeting to her new home, and is now enjoying in security the blessings of Freedom. I have omitted a number of incidents in this narrative, which gave piquancy to the case as it was presented to the meeting at Clarkson Hall, but which it would hardly be proper here to repeat.

Charles L. Remond delivered the fifth lecture of the course in this city on Saturday evening. It was well attended and gave general satisfaction. I have often heard him when he was abler, and when he seemed to be more at ease with his subject; but the people were pleased and the impression he left behind has been very salutary.

Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell delivers the lecture which will be on Saturday evening, the 1st of March. There is an interest attaching to Mrs. Blackwell, from her sex, history, talents and other circumstances, that will ensure her a large audience and a favourable hearing.

M.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18th, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS: There has been no question involving the subject of slavery before our Legislature since I last wrote to you. The right-of-transit doctrine has received its quietus; Colonel Paxton has written himself down an ass; no new plan has been proposed for compelling Passmore Williamson to prosecute his suit against Judge Kane in a venue where the latter will have an undue advantage; and the only subject of general interest that has been before the Assembly has been that of the Liquor Law. A bill to repeal unconditionally the Restraining act (our *Maine* law) of last Session, has passed the House, but stands no chance of getting through the Senate. The Senate is unwilling to repeal, except a stringent License law be substituted for the Restraining law. A bill to this effect has been introduced by Mr. Browne, of West Philadelphia, and has passed the Senate by a vote of 17 to 12; and it now remains to be seen whether the House will accept it, with or without modifications; or whether that body will stick to its demand of an unconditional repeal. If it does, there will be no bill of any kind adopted at this session; and the Restraining law of last Session will remain the law of the Commonwealth. In this city it is not enforced and is not likely to be; but in the interior of the State it is duly executed, and its operation gives satisfaction. In the debate in the Senate, Mr. Lowther, of Elk County, said that "he was opposed to the repeal in any shape or form, for the law was lived up to and worked well in his District. His constituents were all law-abiding citizens, and were willing to respect and not trample under their feet the laws of the Commonwealth." Petitions are pouring into the Legislature against the repeal, and the members are receiving such expressions of public sentiment as must satisfy them, that the people want some sort of legislation, whatever it may be, that will promote Temperance and check the growth of drunkenness.

The American National Council for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President meets in this city next Friday, the 22d of February. Ex-Governor Johnston is one of the delegates from this State. A meeting of the National Council is to be held preliminary to the Convention to arrange the Platform. Rev. Chauncey C. Burr is here as a member of the Council. He is for abolishing the "12th section," and harmonizing North and South on the general ground that "Americans shall rule" America, and leaving the several States to have local platforms on the slave question to suit themselves. Mr. Burr thinks that in this his views will be found coincident with those of the majority of the party. Perhaps so. That the majority have no principles on the subject, but are willing to adopt or reject any Platform that may promise best to promote their own corrupt and selfish purposes, I have no doubt. Mr. Burr, in his present position, is decidely "Druidical," and is here to support the interests of "Live Oak George," whom he represents as a very great man, the undoubted choice of the majority of "Americans" in New York and the New England States. Mr. Burr says he is getting tired of political life. He went into politics to make money, and having succeeded, he means, after this Presidential election, to retire. Such is the account he gives of himself. He is frank, isn't he?

The Washington Correspondent of the *Morning Times* of this city, speaking of the probability that the House will on Monday (to-day) elect a Chaplain, expresses the hope that "a sincere Christian and devoted man of God, *one who has influence at the High Court of Heaven*, will be chosen. The prayers of such a man," he says, "will have the effect to draw down enlightening influences upon the legislators, and mercies and blessings upon the people." It is very devout and pious in this correspondent to write so, I dare say, but the line I have italicised has a strong smack of the political shop. The cant phrase of men that have jobs to be bored for is, that we must send to the President, or to the Senators, or to whomsoever it may chance to be that has the needed favours in his gift, *a man that has influence*. So this pious correspondent seems to have adopted the idea that it is possible to find some clerical borer for the Court of Heaven who would have influence there sufficient to draw down an overflux of blessings upon Congress and upon the people. I have very little faith in the efficacy of a chaplain's prayers; but if a man of such extraordinary weight in the High Court of Heaven as is here indicated can be found, I trust that he will be elected and set to work immediately; for I know of no body who needs "enlightening" more than Congress, and no people a more proper subject of "mercies" than the people of these United States.

The *Pennsylvanian* is making a splurge about a "George A. Coffee, Esq.," whom it represents as a distinguished member of the Republican party of this State, but who, convinced of his error, has forsaken the ranks of Republicanism and enlisted under the banner of Democracy. This Mr. Coffee is a briefless lawyer and political adventurer, who came to the city some six or eight months ago, and obtained a little distinction by making frothy speeches at the Republican meetings, but finding it did n't pay, has gone over, it seems, to the Buchanan Democrats. I congratulate the Republicans on the riddance. Mr. Coffee, it is said, "takes his tea too strong," and is *not* a Maine Liquor law man.

This Hyperborean weather is doing a good work for Freedom. It is bridging the Potomac and the Ohio, and making a highway for the flying bondman. *Videlicet:* "Five negroes," says a morning paper, "from the lower end of Mason County, Kentucky, took a sleigh ride, a short time since, and crossed the Ohio river. Neither the sleigh, horses or blacks have been heard of since." That, I believe, is following out Gerrit Smith's doctrine, and doing it with a witness.

It is said by those who ought to know, that President Pierce means to act impartially in holding in check both the Northern and Southern forces that may be sent to Kansas; and that he will allow of no interference from without on either side. Perhaps so; but I hav n't faith. Pierce is indignant against the anti-slavery people as well as opposed to them from policy. He has a bad heart as well as a weak head.

The Administration is said to be tired of Col. Wheeler, and anxious to be rid of him. Both Kane and he have been found, I opine, rather heavy loads to carry.

Our Philadelphia *Morning Times* is becoming quite Free Soilish. This is significant, at this time, when the National Council, and National Convention are about to commence their sessions.

M. R. S.

SLAVEHOLDING PROGNOSTICATIONS.—The Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist*—one of the few Southern journals which have the courtesy to exchange with THE STANDARD—copies from the *Evening Post* of this city a letter describing the late disastrous defeat of the Emperor of Hayti by the forces of the Dominican Republic, and says:

"We think we can see, in the present attitude of affairs, the future and not distant fate of San Domingo, and the experiment of negro government, when brought in proximity to Caucasian energy and enlightenment.

"The establishment of Gen. Walker's power in Nicaragua, is now a fixed fact. There will, at no distant day, be a Confederation of Republics in Central America, embracing Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala, Mosquito, Honduras and the Belize, in which will be infused American energy and intelligence, and will be stamped with institutions, principles and laws borrowed from the United States. These influences will in time extend themselves to Dominica, and cover the island of San Domingo and convert it into a Republic which will form another star in the Central American constellation of Republican States. By the same process the Cuba question will find its solution, unless events, not now patent to the eye of speculation, shall precipitate the Queen of the Antilles, by peaceful annexation, into the arms of the United States. Manifest destiny points to a brilliant career for the genius of fillibusterism, and marks it as a grand regenerator—a propagandist of republicanism and liberty.

"'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'"

Of course, chattel slavery stands first and foremost on the list of those "American institutions" which, according to the *Constitutionalist*, are to be stamped upon the confederated Republics of Central America, and ultimately to extend themselves to Hayti and Cuba. What if the "wonders" which God is "mysteriously moving to perform" should turn out to be the abolition and not the extension of slavery? And what if the "storm" He is to ride should prove to be that terrible and bloody social convulsion which, sooner or later, unless arrested by repentance, is sure to come as a fit retribution for the manifold cruelties and crimes of slaveholding?

IMPORTANT CASE IN THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.—The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* gives us the following statement of a case now pending in the United States Supreme Court, the decision of which will have an important bearing upon questions in issue between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties of the country.

A case—*Scott* agt. *Sanford*—has been pending before the Supreme Court for the last four days, involving the question of the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise. Montgomery Blair, Solicitor of the Court of Claims, appeared for the plaintiff, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, and Senator Geyer, of Missouri, for the defendant. The plaintiff, a man of colour, brought this suit to try his right to freedom; claiming to have been emancipated by his master's act in carrying him to Illinois. The Circuit Court, from which an appeal is taken, decided against the plaintiff on two grounds:

"1. That by his return to Missouri his master's right, dormant whilst residing in Illinois, was revived;

"2. That the constitution of Illinois was a penal law, which the courts of other States were not bound to enforce.

"These grounds are also taken in the opinion of the Supreme Court of Missouri, delivered by Judge Scott in the case of Scott *agt.* Emerson, in which case a majority of the court overruled the doctrine previously and uniformly recognised in Missouri, and generally in the United States, that the removal of a slave by his master into a free State makes him free forever."

Mr. Blair's two days' argument, with which he closed the case this morning, is highly spoken of by those who heard it. The decision of this case is awaited with great interest.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, on Monday, a message was received from the President transmitting information in relation to the affairs of Kansas. Mr. WILSON, of Mass., spoke on the question, declaring that the documents totally misrepresented the state of affairs. He contended that the "border ruffians" had carried the elections there at the point of the bowie-knife. On Tuesday, he resumed and finished his speech, giving great offence to the slaveholding Senators, and denouncing Atchison as the moving spirit of ruffianism on the border. This speech, according to the telegraph, will be immediately printed for general circulation. We shall notice it farther when the full report comes to hand.

In the House, on Tuesday, Mr. Hickman, of Pa., from the Committee on Elections, offered a resolution empowering the Committee to send for persons and papers in the Kansas contested election case. After debate, a motion by Mr. Stephens, of Ga., to recommit the resolution to the Committee, with instructions to report the grounds on which they ask for power to send for persons and papers, was lost by the casting vote of the Speaker.

PROSPECT OF PEACE.—The advices received by the Canada tend to confirm the previously existing hopes of a speedy termination of the Russian war. There is no longer any doubt that Russia has consented to negotiate on the terms proposed by the Western powers, and it is the opinion of many of those best informed in European affairs that peace is almost certain to ensue. Others, however, suspect that Russia has consented to negotiate only to delude the Allies and gain time in which to prepare for further conflicts. Time alone can solve these doubts.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 613, opens with the *British Quarterly's* review of Prescott's History of Philip II., and contains besides a variety of interesting matter from the usual sources. New York, 343 Broadway.

PASSENGERS.—In the steamship Persia, for Liverpool, on Wednesday, the 20th inst., Mr. R. W. Weston, of this city, and Miss Anne Warren Weston, of Weymouth, Mass.

A new beauty of the Fugitive Slave law was developed by Commissioner Pendery; one new at least to us, viz., that while the Government at Washington will pay the fees of witnesses who testify in favour of the kidnapper, under the law of 1850, it is its practice to refuse compensation to all witnesses who testify on behalf of the freedom of the alleged slave. Is it possible that in any tyranny on earth, an equal to this arrangement in meanness and atrocity can be found? The rich kidnapper can call his witnesses by hundreds if he pleases and the Federal Government will foot the bill, while his victim, without money or friends, can be furnished with no facilities for proving his freedom. And a law which requires such practice, the *Gazette* would have obeyed. To obey it or to acquiesce in it, when resistance is possible, is treason against liberty and rebellion against the God of justice.—*A. S. Bugle.*

Summary.

Col. Delahay, of Leavenworth, Kansas, member of Congress elect under the Free State Constitution, states "that he holds a letter from Gen. Cass, promising him to vote and speak for the admission of Kansas into the Union, under the Topeka Constitution."

Is it true, as has been reported, that the Committee on Anti-Slavery Lectures, who were requested by the Hon. Robert Toombs to hand over the $100 he declined to receive for his lecture to some society for aiding emigrants, have given it to the society for aiding fugitive slaves to migrate to Canada?—*Boston Post.*

The *Christian Intelligencer* learns on good authority that four of the missionaries of the American Board among the Choctaws have felt constrained to tender their resignation to the Prudential Committee, in consequence of the course pursued by the Board at Hartford, and by subsequent action respecting the Southern missions.

I was mistaken in stating that the Rev. Mr. Conway *expected* to lose the pastorship of the Unitarian Society in Washington for preaching his sermon on the Moral Aspects of the Slavery Question, for the Rights of Conscience in the premises. That was the inference of a mutual friend, not Mr. C.'s own apprehension. He preached as he thought just, and has no belief that his society will dismiss him for so doing.—*H. G., in the Tribune.*

MISSOURI CREDIT.—The Stock market is regularly watched in all countries where such a thing exists, as one of the most sensitive indications of the state of public opinion. Attention has accordingly very properly been called by the *Evening Post* to the decline in the value of Missouri State Stocks which has taken place since the commencement of the Kansas outrages. The decline in the value of her stocks is, at this moment, a most unlucky thing for Missouri, as she has just coming into market three millions in bonds issued for the relief of her almost bankrupt railroad corporations, and to furnish them the means to render available the large expenditures already made.

It is reliably stated that Antioch College has been freed from the load of debt under which it has laboured. Eighty-five thousand dollars are pledged in three districts, comprising, 1st, Western Ohio, 2d, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; and 3d, the New England States, and this liberal contribution will suffice to place the institution again under a good footing. Horace Mann still continues its President. The friends of the College, alarmed at the barren prospect before them, have put forth very strenuous efforts for the relief of the institution, and are understood to be greatly rejoiced at the success which has attended them. The regulations, it is well known, permit the reception of male and female pupils, and the course of study pursued is eminently practical.—*Times.*

THE REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION of Washington is making strenuous efforts to establish similar societies in every city, town and village throughout the Union, serving, as a circular says:

"To rally the people, inspire them with confidence and enthusiasm, and furnish the information necessary to expose and fairly meet the sophistry of Pro-Slavery demagogues, making the issue Slavery or Freedom in the Presidential campaign."

The design is to scatter broadcast documents and speeches upon the subject. They have already prepared 162,000 copies in English and 20,000 in German of the speeches and writings of Messrs. Seward, Hale and others.

AN INCIDENT. — While Weller, of California, was speaking in Phœnix Hall, last Thursday, an incident occurred worth relating. Mr. W. in contrasting the present with the past of New Hampshire, said: "A few years ago, and she could point to Henry Hubbard and Franklin Pierce as her representatives in the United States Senate. Who represents her in that body now?" [A voice replied, "Hale and Bell."] "Do they represent you?" said Weller. Several voices said "NO"—several voices responded "YES," and soon the whole house were responding "yes," "no," "no," "yes," till, at length, the "NOES" were literally drowned down by the "YESES." A more unfortunate appeal to an audience was never made; and the "gentleman from California" was careful for the rest of the day and evening to put no more questions. —*Concord (N. H.) Ind. Dem.*

FIGHT WITH A DEER.—As B. W. Farrar, Esq., of this place, was coming from Lubec with his horse and sleigh, on the 24th ult., when a few miles this side of Whiting he discovered a large buck deer cross the road and pass on to the mill-pond in that vicinity, where he fell through the ice, but the water being shoal he broke his way to the opposite shore, where he was met by Mr. F., who had secured a club with which to give him a battle. The deer turned, approached the mill near by, where he was overtaken by his pursuer, again turned, jumped at Mr. F., when by some mishap both man and deer fell some six feet down into the walled limits beside the flume of the mill, where for either to escape required exertion and judicious management; so now the contest became animated, the deer butting and striking with his feet, and his adversary fending off with well directed blows from his club. After a contest of some half an hour the noble buck yielded and laid down his life, and Mr. Farrar could rejoice that his adversary was slain.—*Machias (Me.) Union.*

AWARD OF PREMIUM ON PEACE.—The undersigned appointed a Committee to award a premium of $500 (offered by the late Rev. Thomas A. Merrill, D.D., of Middlebury, Vt.) to the author of the best treatise on "*The Right Way, or the Gospel applied to the Intercourse of Individuals and Nations,*" have come to the following decision.

They award the said premium to the author of the manuscript marked No. 6, who, on the opening of the sealed envelope containing his name, is found to be the Rev. Joseph A. Collier, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, of Geneva, N. Y.

J. W. PARKER,
WM. J. HUBBARD,
ASA D. SMITH.

This volume of three or four hundred pages is now in the press, and will be issued in a few weeks by the American Tract Society, the donor having provided, in addition to the premium, the sum requisite for perpetuating its circulation by that Society.

THE WORK OF OUR DAY.—REV. A. C. STOWE, JR., Pastor of the Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, is reported as having said, in a recent sermon in behalf of the Home Missionary Society, that the great work of our day was to give "liberty to the captive," or the abolition of involuntary servitude in our land. The speaker said: "The time would come when those who were engaged in this work would be esteemed by those that came after them, as we revere the labours of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Reformers. At last, in the winding up of the great drama of the world's history, it would appear that each age had added a stanza to the world's symphonies. It was for us to help on the work of the world's redemption, and thus fulfil the expectations of those who had laboured before us, and for us, that others may succeed us in the blessings we so richly enjoy."

HORACE MANN ON SLAVERY.—Horace Mann delivered the first lecture of the Anti-Slavery course at Boston, and said:

"Jesus Christ himself cannot, south of Mason and Dixon, have a hearing, unless he submits to a sort of Missouri Compromise, and adapts his teaching to his latitude. Thus, when the slaveholders find no comfort in the New Testament, they turn to the old book for aid, but here they are met with but little encouragement. They can there read of the first great Abolitionist, 'Moses,' who ran two millions of slaves at one jump, gathering them out of Egypt and taking them to the promised land. He, indeed, was a slave runner, and should have been now alive to be the conductor of the Underground Railroad. This same incident, also, said he, furnishes an example of the manner in which slave hunters should be served. Look at the fate of Pharoah, and you find how the God of Hosts executed his justice upon them. Thus he held that the Old Testament, so often alluded to by slave advocates, gives no comfort."

AN ECCENTRIC PHILANTHROPIST.—A correspondent of the *Rutland Herald*, writing from Brattleboro', Vt., tells the following story:

"I accidentally stepped into a little obscure shop, a day or two since, and found a smart, white-haired old man hard at work, making and barrelling *kindlings*. His shop was very neat and orderly. Captain B. was, for many years, a captain on board a sea-going vessel. Afterwards he became an extensive manufacturer in New Hampshire. His wife dying, he sold out his establishment, and retired with a competence to support old age. But it was 'so ordered,' he says, that he should not be idle. He has a quantity of hemlock wood drawn to his shop. From this pile he cuts his fine kindlings, which are tied up in small bundles of exact size. He collects old sugar and rice hogsheads, and planes them into shavings. A barrel is packed very hard, two-thirds full, with the dry pine shavings —then the barrel is filled up with the kindlings. The captain fills fifty barrels a year and sends them all to widows who have no man to provide these comfortable things for them. It is all done gratuitously, and as far as possible without the giver becoming known."

THEY DON'T WANT IT AFTER ALL.—The Administration folk are getting frightened at the war fever they have excited upon our side of the Senate Chamber. They had the idea that if they tried to make a war, Messrs. Seward, Foot, Wilson and the like would oppose it at once, and hold them so fast that they could n't fight

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEMOPHILA.

As now the fresh September breeze,
With its low murmuring prelude-plaint,
Sighs through the richly-laden trees,
Loosing the fruitage, 'ere the faint
O'er luscious ripeness become taint,
So falls upon her ear the tone
Which minds her she is not alone
In solitude too deep to paint.

A solitude like Rona's Isle,
Between the sky and Applecross;
If entered by the stars calm smile,
Its rock-strewn harbour bides no loss
As in the garish sunshine's dross:
But, softened now the breaker's moan
Unto a cascade's soft, low tone,
Where dancing spray keeps fresh the moss.

Rocks formed by Ocean's plastic hand,
Which rolled the sands at God's own will—
Leaving the ripple-marks, as brand
That when He bids the waves are still:
Clothing in verdure, that the rill
May find its couch of glad repose,
As, homeward led, it smoothly flows,
Back from the ether-drinking hill.

Blest solitude! could she there light,
Like her of Rona's lonely isle,
To aid some wanderer of life's night,
A taper's glowing steady smile!
How 't would dusk memories beguile!
And where gives earth more holy bliss
Than in such beacon-fire as this,
Which lights and guides the while.

A. P. C.

SIGNOR MASONI.

FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. BROWN.

(A FANTASY PIECE.)

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II.

I REACHED Berlin, where I spent the next winter, in October. The day after my arrival, I saw the announcement of a "Sinfonie concert at Hennig's Garden, with grand orchestra by C. Liebig." With T. and J., and other music-loving Americans then in the city, I went out. My first glance at the orchestra showed me the fine face of Masoni. I did not seek him out immediately, choosing to observe him a little, for the strong impression which his features had made upon me had in some degree been lessened during eight months' absence, and I was curious to know if it would be renewed to the old extent. It was. I was more than ever convinced that I had met him long before. Who *can* he be? was the ever-recurring thought throughout the concert. His manly beauty had, if possible, become more striking, and the eyes of many a *Fräulein* wandered thither unconsciously. Still I fancied that I could detect evidence in his looks that all was not yet right within.

He played with no great animation, rather mechanically, through the overtures and symphony of Weber, Gluck and Haydn, which were on the programme; but when the *Marcia funebre* of the *Sinfonia Eroica*, which formed the third part of the concert, came, his whole countenance changed, and the full, ringing tones of the Father Gutmann's Cremona proved that Masoni was Masoni still. All eyes sought out that first violin, and no small share of the applause, which followed the tomb-like silence during the movement, was in fact directed thitherward.

Masoni was unfeignedly glad to see me again, and the intercourse of the preceding winter was at once renewed with profit and pleasure on both sides. I found him greatly improved in mind and manners, but was sorry to see that he was often a victim to a morbid melancholy and quite without ambition; or rather, I may say, impressed with the idea that it would be vain for *him* to cherish that feeling. He seemed to have become weary of music. As I had already noticed, and as others told me, nothing but the Adagios and Andantes of Beethoven's Symphonies really aroused him; these never failed to do this; but when the symphony in C minor was given, he would become nervously excited, and in the mighty triumphant tones of the march in the finale his instrument moved on with a dignity and power which seemed to sweep all before it. Besides playing in the orchestra, he had a few pupils, and occasionally some small composition from his pen appeared; but upon the whole his great talents lay buried in a napkin. His intellectual progress was marked, and I felt very soon that after a little intercourse in good society, few young men would be fitted to take so high a place as he. I introduced him to the American students, who, during that winter (1849–50), formed so refined a circle at the house of the American *Chargé des Affaires*. In their society—young men who did the American name honour abroad, as many of them are already doing at home—he seemed to know and appreciate himself better, and the cloud, whatsoever it was, began to have its "silver lining" and show signs of clearing away altogether.

Liebig, as Kapellmeister to the Emperor Alexander regiment, furnishes, with such members of his orchestra as belong to the band, the music at the grand dinners of the Russian Ambassador, on which occasions his concerts are necessarily deferred until evening, at seven o'clock. One of these dinners was given a few days before Christmas, but the concert was announced by the proprietors of the Garden—they having an eye to the profits of their kitchen!—at six. As the audience comes early to secure favourable seats, long before seven there were manifest signs of impatience, notwithstanding the general good humour of the Germans, as they sit in little groups around the tables, with their coffee, chocolate, beer, "butter-brod," and what not before them, and the cigars in their mouths. Some became weary and went home, claiming and receiving their tickets at the door. Most remained, and the fun grew so fast and furious that I began to look round for the Argus eyes of the police, whose vigilance at that time was redoubled by the recollection of the then recent events of '48.

Suddenly there was a general hush! hush! I looked up and Masoni was standing alone upon the stage as firm, calm and collected as if he had played the virtuoso all his life. Not belonging to the regimental band, he was here, as ignorant as others of the cause of the delay. The impatience of the audience was rising to such a height that, though with great reluctance, he had been persuaded by some who knew his powers to try the effect of his violin upon the crowd. Once before them, all trepidation, all want of confidence disappeared. The audience in general knew nothing of him as a soloist, but his well known playing in Beethoven's symphonies was remembered, and then his personal appearance, as he stood there in all his beauty, in the prime of manhood, so collected, so self-relying, strongly prepossed every one in his favour. This prepossession increased with every note of "The Last Rose of Summer," which he played as he alone could play it, and which had just been made the popular air of all Germany by its introduction into Flotow's "Martha." The applause which followed called him out again and it was clear that the song had been but a test to try the temper of the audience. Now he began with a prelude, which riveted the attention of every artist in the house, and prepared the way for one of those immensely difficult fugues for the violin, which no one save Back ever composed, and with which but two or three artists in a century venture to grapple; for although many may conquer the merely technical difficulties, it is quite another thing to add that soul of sentiment and feeling without which they are but lifeless bodies of musical notes. The applause which followed, I need not say, was general and loud, for the perfection of the performance was clear to every mind. With hardly a pause, a short prelude now led into a slow, measured, solemn melody, unknown to most of the Germans, although familiar to every musician, the "Dead March" from Saul! An odd selection indeed; but the effect, as he sang it upon his instrument, with bells tolling from the lower strings, now giving it the sadness and sorrow of a desolate heart, and now filling the simple chords with the pomp of a king's burial, was indescribable and thrilled every nerve of every auditor. Is there in all music an example of so much accomplished in so few notes? Truly Mozart and Beethoven were right in the lofty homage they paid to the genius and majesty of Handel!

Secure of his audience, he began to extemporize, as none even of his most intimate friends had ever heard him before. As a skilful converser watches the expression in the faces of his companions and guides himself in some measure thereby, touching some points lightly and laying greater stress upon others, so Masoni in his extemporaneous efforts was in the habit of closely watching the effect produced upon *his* auditors. I doubt not that this heightened the magical influence of his playing upon those before him.

His magnificent eyes had, in general, a power of fascination I have never seen in any other case; but now they were lighted up with intense excitement, and when they rested for a moment upon this face or upon that, whoever caught their glance felt as if the player was laying bare some secret of his heart for him alone. The spell upon the audience had extended even to the waiters, who stood here and there, with their white napkins in their hands, motionless as statues, and for once the incessant jingle and rattling of dishes and glasses at the distant counter ceased. Strains the saddest and most touching interchanged with others of startling joyousness and wild gaiety; passages most intricate and of unheard difficulty, with melodies simple as a child's song. I can now believe all I have heard of the effects of Paganini's performances. He allowed no opportunity to his hearers to vent their feelings in applause. At moments when it seemed impossible to restrain a general burst of admiration, some turn in music would be so skilfully and happily introduced as again to secure unbroken silence. For instance, just before he closed, he had reached a climax of the wildest, almost diabolical glee, in which his instrument spoke, as if possessed by a demon. "Bravo! bravo!" was heard lightly spoken, and every one was but waiting for the closing chord to give loud utterance to his hearty delight; but instead of the expected close, every hand was arrested, every voice silenced by an instantaneous change in the entire character of the music, which fell in the twinkling of an eye into a plain, homely, but the saddest of all American Negro melodies!

My own feelings during all this may be judged by what I have written. It was a new experience, a new revelation to me in music. Moreover the old feeling that I *had* formerly seen Masoni, and that I ought to know him had grown stronger with every note, until it was absolutely painful. And now as those sad, rude sounds from home met my ear, memory was illumined as by a flash of lightning, I was carried back a dozen years, the whole history was before me, and I involuntarily uttered a loud exclamation, which called forth a volley of hisses from my neighbours.

With this melody, which he gave in all sorts of wonderful forms, he closed. From the more thoughtless of the audience a storm of applause followed; the truly artistic portion arose in silence, took their cloaks and hats and quietly departed—*they* wished for no more music *that* evening! I hurried to Masoni. Several persons surrounded him, and were congratulating him upon his success. He listened as in a dream, hardly hearing what was said.

"Come, Masoni," said I, "you are too much excited to stay; I dare not leave you here. There comes Liebig; excuse yourself and go home with me."

Liebig gave his consent; I packed up the Cremona, threw his cloak over his shoulders, took him out, and finding how much he was exhausted by the unwonted excitement, called a droschky, and ordered the man to drive us to my room in Marien street. Masoni sank into a corner of the vehicle, and we rode through Invaliden street and the New Gate in silence. As we passed down Louisen street, I called his attention to the numberless Christmas trees, which the people, old and young, rich and poor, were carrying, or having conveyed to their homes. Receiving no answer, I looked round and found him with his face buried in his cloak, his over tasked nervous system quite given way, and weeping like a child.

Madam Rosenhagen made us a pot of strong, fragrant tea, of which I forced him to drink freely, and under the influence of which he gradually cheered up, and recovered his equanimity. We sat an hour or two, discoursing upon books and indifferent matters, until he had fully recovered himself; and then, turning partly away from him, as he reclined upon the sofa, I began:

"Masoni, I have a story to tell you."

"Go on."

"Ten or twelve years ago, being, like most very young men in America, a very great politician, I went to Washington, to be present at the opening of Congress, and make a personal inspection of the 'assembled wisdom.' When the Christmas vacation came, I went down into Virginia, and sought out an old college acquaintance or two. A near neighbour of one of them was a great corn and tobacco planter, a Mr. Mason, who, though not at all connected in blood with the many Virginia politicians and public men of that name, was a descendant and the representative of one of the oldest families in the 'Ancient Dominion.' He was a gentleman of the old school, and kept up many old customs upon his plantation. Among them was the observance of Christmas. The holidays were a time of general festivity, as well for his numerous slaves, as for his family and the many friends who collected there. A large out-building was cleared of its contents, trimmed with pines and other evergreens, and devoted to the merry-makings of his people, where they could enjoy themselves for a week or ten days, without let or hindrance. My friend took me over one evening to witness their proceedings at a ball. I found the affair amusing, and could not help heartily sympathizing with the dancers in their enjoyment. It would, however, have made little impression upon my memory, had I not been so much struck with the performance of the young slave, who officiated as fiddler upon the occasion. He was so perfectly free from all marks of an African origin, that I did not dream of his being a slave, until, in reply to my question, 'who is the violinist?' my friend said: 'He is one of Mason's boys, and is thought a great musical genius in these parts.' I took him to be about eighteen years of age, but young as he was, his mastery of the instrument, a poor old plantation fiddle, struck me as beyond anything I had then ever heard. Fond as the negroes are of dancing, they seemed to enjoy his playing even more. And after each dance, he must give them a tune or two for the sake of the music, to which they listened with a silence and attention seldom to be found in audiences of greater pretentions to refinement and musical culture. The well-known impressibility of the African race to the effects of music was here exhibited in a high degree; but, for that matter, the whites, who were there as spectators, were not unmoved. I should not like to risk in a romance a description of the power of music, as I saw it exerted that evening, upon those poor untutored beings. Old songs, Methodist camp-meeting tunes, negro ditties and simple plantation melodies were the ground-work of his music, but they became transmuted into sterling gold under his bow. It was a mystery to me how it could escape the notice of masters and overseers that in these simple forms the player was pouring out his whole soul, and discoursing of oppression and sorrow, of freedom and happiness, of affections crushed and hearts desolate, of lougings infinite for home, family and a recognition of the humanity inborn. Now his violin wailed in anguish, and then it would burst out into indignant tones, the Marseillaise of the slaves. Every change in the mood of the player was reflected in the faces of his auditors. Their dark faces were mirrors, which reflected each passing emotion as the stream of music went on. In one of his bursts of indignant—perhaps I may say, insurrectionary feeling, some of the young, strong and more untamed of the field hands began to breath hard; a fierce expression lit up their dark eyes, and a boding restlessness was observable.

"'Quit that,' said a harsh voice, 'and play something lively.'

"The current changed to a lively measure, and in a moment the floor was covered with dancers.

"Masoni, that evening has come back to memory as distinctly as if it was an event of yesterday. What became of that young man, of course I never knew—but"

I turned suddenly round, and saw Masoni sitting upright, his face deadly pale, and his eyes fixed upon mine with an expression—shall I say, of horror?—"this evening I have found him, You——"

"Are that slave!" he gasped, rather than said.

"Brown, I *am* that slave," he continued, after a moment's struggle with himself, and bowing his head as if my knowledge of the fact had reduced him again in reality to that condition—"I *am* that slave. And it is the crushing consciousness that I am an American slave, the personal chattel of a man, liable to be caught, imprisoned, flogged, sold, any day, should I ever see home again, that is crushing out all the manhood within me. This damning consciousness is killing me. Since the death of Father Gutmann, this thought has been gaining ever increased power over me, and I now bear it about with me continually, an incubus weighing me down, ponderous as a world. When I made my unlucky appearance in Leipzig, I was full of hope and ambition, and went forward with all confidence; but as I raised my bow for the first touch, the sickening thought came over me, like a sneer from a demon: 'Ho! ho! pretty well for a Virginia slave!' From that moment the thought has fastened itself upon me, and seldom, except with you, is its crushing weight lifted. There are those who, as soon as they are free, become *men!* It elevates and ennobles them to breathe free air. My temperament is different. No woman can be more sensitive, and when in social circles I find myself honoured and treated as I feel I do in fact deserve to be treated, my happiness is blasted by the grinning devil's: 'Oh ho! pretty well for a Virginia slave!' Christmas—and you now know why—is to me a period of strange sorrow, regret, indeed of an infinite conflict of emotions. This evening I forgot myself entirely. As I stood before the audience, I was again on the old plantation, the people lost their identity, and I was playing to the poor beings among whom I was born, and over whom I had so often exerted my power. But I say, Brown," said he suddenly, while a triumphant look gleamed from his eyes, "the Cremona has as much power as the old fiddle had, though!"

"Yes, Masoni, it was the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed—but that old plantation melody revealed you. Ever since I first saw you in Leipzig, as I was going to the Post-Office, your face has been a mystery to me. But now, my good fellow, I know your secret; you will find it easier to bear, now that it is one no longer. You are no slave to *me*, and here is my hand in token of the sincerity of my heart, as I welcome you as an equal—musically a thousand times my superior—among 'free white folks.' Go home now and sleep, and come to-morrow and tell me your history."

With a look of gratitude and affection, Masoni left me.

III.

Upon reflection I clearly saw that the cause of Masoni's unhappiness lay in the false step of concealing his origin. Had he come into society as a rescued slave, this fact alone would have won him notice, and his noble and beautiful mind and character, leaving out of view his great artistic powers, would have done the rest in securing for him all of happiness that falls usually to the lot of man. I had afterwards a long and serious conversation with him upon the subject, and advised him to let his history be made known, and thus drive the "devil," as he expressed it, from his imagination. For him, however, this was a step of almost unconquerable difficulty. The trace of African blood in his veins, which, however, it was utterly impossible for the most experienced overseer or negro-trader to detect, had, during the years that he had passed on equal terms with the students at Leipzig, and other places, become a bugbear of portentous size. As the idea became familiarized to his mind, it lost in some degree its terrors, and I think success would have crowned my efforts, had not opposing circumstances intervened. But I must give the outline of Masoni's story. He was born on the plantation where I had first seen him—was the pet plaything in the family until he was five or six years old—was then turned out among the other children until he had grown up a pretty boy, when he came again into the house for a few years, and was thence transferred to the stables. His master always treated him kindly, and he still cherished some degree of affectionate remembrance of him. His turn for music was remarked while he was still very young, and time and opportunity were given him to practice the fiddle with superannuated old Pompey, and to fit himself to succeed him as plantation fiddler—then the height of his ambition—when the old man should "hang up the fiddle and the bow," which event happened when Masoni was still but a boy. Pompey's course of instruction was hardly one which would be admitted into an European conservatory; hence the great excellence the pupil attained was owing to a never-tiring industry and perseverance, in seeking the means of expressing upon his instrument the tones which, sleeping or waking, were always ringing in his inward ear. No one—and he a slave—could be more happily situated than he; yet something within refused to be contented with his lot, and ideas of freedom, vague and uncertain—whence they came, how begotten, he knew not—began to mingle in his dreams and musings, and make him miserable. Upon such topics he could not speak, but his thoughts and feelings began gradually to find utterance in strange tones and peculiar effects of his instrument. The discovery of his power over those who heard him play, drew him on to new efforts. He gave himself so entirely to this one object of his existence, as to bring him into difficulty with his master.

And for a time his fiddle was taken away. "What I suffered then! what I suffered then!" exclaimed he; "I believe no tophet could be fuller of torment." The loss of his instrument affected his health seriously, and at last his good-natured master, partly on his own account, partly for the sake of the other slaves, whom he would not deprive of this small enjoyment, ordered it to be returned, cautioning him to beware how he allowed it to spoil him for his daily tasks.

Mr. Mason was a good-natured, easy man, proud of his descent, proud of his fine plantation, of his horses, his dogs, his social position, and of his well-fed, contented slaves, because nature, beyond a very handsome personal appearance in his youth and early manhood, had given him nothing else to be proud of. His wife and children were all, like him, very moderately endowed with mental advantages—good, respectable, fashionable people—save the second daughter, Miss Sarah. Masoni, speaking both from recollection and from the representations of Father Gutmann, pictured her as possessing all the intellectual gifts denied to the rest of the family, and as being proud, headstrong, and domineering in like proportion. While still a little girl of some ten or twelve years, she was more feared and disliked by the people, than all the rest together. It is one of the great disadvantages of plantation life, that unless the mother is able to understand, appreciate and guide the development of a rich and productive intellect, it is in a great measure left to its own resources, and being surrounded by so many unfavourable influences, the chances are many to one that the results will be in a high degree unfavourable. Miss Sarah was a source of infinite perplexity to both father and mother. She tyrannized over them, and over her brothers and sisters—how much more, then, over the poor people of the plantation. Her teachers could do nothing with her, and yet she by the mere force of her talents far outstripped the other children in her acquirements. She had one passion—Music. Tired of the shallowness and pretensions of the successive teachers she had had, and whom she had one after the other fairly driven from the place, the winter when I was at the Christmas festival before described, she was spending in Philadelphia, that she might at length find some one able to afford her such instruction as she felt she needed. There she found Father Gutmann. He saw at once her capacities, and won her respect by introducing her immediately to the best piano-forte music of his "Fatherland." She soon found in him a man who was disposed to treat her airs and domineering tone with a cool contempt, which at the same time incensed and attracted her. She found it was a matter of entire indifference to him whether a girl of fifteen was disposed to continue her lessons or not, and after one scene, in consequence of which she was forced to humble herself to him, or lose the delights of the new world into which he had brought her, she treated him with perfect respect. When Spring came, she would take no denial from her father or from Gutmann—he *should* go with her to Virginia, and continue his instructions until the usual period when the family left home for the Summer tour. Thus it came that Father Gutmann became acquainted with Masoni, and discovered his genius.

"My highest delight," said Masoni, "at that time, was to leave the stables after my work was done, and listen under the window to the (to me) wonderful music of the piano-forte and Father Gutmann's violin. The new world was thus opened to me also, and when I had a leisure moment for my own practice, oh how I laboured to reproduce the musical thoughts I had heard! The old man took no notice of me, as I then supposed, nor could I in my position as slave presume to speak with him upon a subject which filled my thoughts night and day. He did, however, observe me, and as it afterwards proved, most carefully, and would gladly have set me free, had it been by any possible means in his power. The time came for Gutmann to depart. He had made himself respected and liked by every member of the family, who could not in their hearts thank him enough for his restraining influence upon the daughter and sister, whom they could not comprehend, and who lorded it so haughtily over them all. His request, therefore, that Dick might drive him to the stage office was at once allowed, and to my joy I first found myself alone and in a position to speak with the good old man. For some time little was said as we drove along. But just before reaching the office he began:

"So, Dick, you are the musician there, it seems."

"Yes, massa."

"And you are quite a famous player, they say."

"Oh! massa."

"Dick, I have heard more of your music than you think. If you were only free, I would make a man of you. Let's see: I say, Dick," and here he fixed his eyes full upon mine, "if—*if* you should ever find your way to Philadelphia, go to the first shop in whose windows you should see a collection of musical instruments, present this letter, which is directed to me, and you will hear where I am. Mind, I say nothing of running away, and following the North star into Pennsylvania; I only tell you that should you happen to be in Philadelphia, don't forget, I'll make a man of you. Let no living soul see the letter, except the man in the music store, or it may be the worse for you and for me." Nothing farther was said, and Father Gutmann bade me good bye in the presence of the stage-office people as unconcernedly as if he had never seen me before.

I had been so happy in the possession of my fiddle again, as to be quite content with my lot, and this encounter with Miss Sarah's music-teacher, strange as it was to me, was soon almost forgotten. But after the return of the family from their tour, things were changed. Miss Sarah was prouder, haughtier, less amiable, if that was possible, than ever. The monetary crisis of 1837 in the commercial world had at length reached in its influence many of the Virginia planters; my master among the rest. Cabin after cabin began to lose a tenant, sold away. My situation became less easy. My leisure hours became fewer. The order to stop that eternal fiddling was issued. And so the idea of being "made a man of" and of seeking out Father Gutmann, became more and more prominent in my mind. Still this idea would probably have led to nothing, had not an accident happened to Miss Sarah's horse, for which I was in truth not to blame, but for which, with eyes flashing and face flushed with rage, she demanded that I should be flogged. There could be no peace in the house until this was done, and so for the first time since I was a small child, I was stripped, tied up and flogged. Yes," continued Masoni, after a pause, in a husky voice, "flogged until the blood ran in streams. The scars are there now, and" with his eyes gleaming with a fierceness which I had never seen in them before, he added, "I would give my life willingly for revenge!" "According to the reckoning of old mammy—of my own mother I know nothing—I was then about nineteen years, and felt as much like a man as a slave can; and the injustice done me at the instance of that young girl quite changed my nature. I began to brood over the words of Father Gutmann, and at last—I *did* run away! Night after night as so many others have done, I followed the North star, and was so fortunate as to reach Pennsylvania in safety. But I was far from Philadelphia. Luckily I was so white as to avoid suspicion, and as I had succeeded in retaining my old instrument, I fiddled my way to the great city. My letter was safe, and I presented it at several shops where musical instruments were displayed, and at last found one where the address was known. Father Gutmann was in New York!

"I fiddled my way to New York, and after repeated efforts, learned in the same manner that the old musician was somewhere near Boston. I fiddled my way to Boston, but there I sought him in vain. He was not known there."

In Boston he made his case known to some of the anti-slavery people, who procured a place for him in a stable at the North End, the owner of which was a kind-hearted man and gave him time to earn many a quarter of a dollar as the musician of the poorer people. It was in the Winter of 1840–41 that a distinguished German violinist came to Boston and announced a series of concerts (I think this must have been Herwig). Masoni had been long enough in the free States to feel in some degree a full man, and to find that no one suspected his faint trace of African blood. He heard the new artist spoken of by his master's customers, and an irresistible longing seized him to hear him play. With a trembling heart he asked permission to attend the concert. The request was received with a laugh, but granted. It was interesting to hear him describe the feelings with which he joined the crowd at the door of the Melodeon, and by slow degrees made his way to the ticket box, half afraid, notwithstanding that he was well, nay, handsomely dressed, and looked quite the gentleman, of a repulse, with the rough question, "What the nigger was there for?" But no, as he laid down his dollar a ticket was handed him, and he passed in, taking a programme at the door, which he only knew was right end up by noticing that other people had the large letters at the top.

'The happiness and misery of that evening are not to be described—happiness at hearing the real powers of the violin, and seeing what it was to be "made a man of"—misery at the idea of having lost Father Gutmann forever. On the whole, however, I was enchanted. The vocal pieces, indeed everything but the tones of the master, fell upon deaf ears—for *them* I was all ear. I trembled, laughed, cried, and the people near me in my distant corner looked upon me, doubtless, as a crazy man or a fool. And now my only thought was of the old music teacher; where to seek him; how to find him; I repeated my visits to every music store in the city—the same old answer—the name upon that letter, now becoming well worn, though kept as my greatest treasure, was unknown to them.

I heard that the last concert of the artist was announced. I could not withstand the temptation, and went; but not a note of the music did I really hear; violin, voices, piano-forte appealed to senses too much preoccupied, for as I cast my eyes upon the audience below, from my seat at the end of the gallery, they fell upon the serene features of Father Gutmann, who sat in a chair directly in front of the stage. Heart in mouth, every nerve quivering, the last note had hardly ceased to sound, when I hastened down, pushed my way through the retiring audience, regardless of the black looks of the people whom I crowded anything but gently, and reached the space in front of the stage only to see the good old man pass the door of the private room, whither the virtuoso and his countryman had retired. For a moment I hesitated. But I could not lose him now—it would kill me. I rushed after him, he was talking with the great man in German, but turned at the noise I made in entering, and recoguised me at once.

"Oh Massa Gutmann! Massa Gutmann!" was all I could say. He laid his hand so gently and kindly upon my head. "So Dick, my boy, you are here at last. You want to be made a man of, then?"

"Oh, Massa Gutmann!"

"Well, Dick, tell where you are to be found, I will see you to-morrow."

I told him.

"Go home now, I wish to talk with this gentleman. I will certainly see you to-morrow."

"Do you think, Brown, that I slept that night."

The next day the North End stable keeper lost his musical servant. Mr. Gutmann took him to the small country town where he was then living, placed him under the care of the clergyman of the village, by whom he was instructed, and whom he repaid by his labour as boy and man of all work. Mr. Bigelow's family was small, consisting entirely of women, except the head, and as is, or was, common with New England country clergymen, no distinction of rank between master and servant was made, and Dick's great industry and engaging qualities soon made him more like a son than a servant.

After my return to America I sought out Mr. Bigelow, and had a long conversation with him in relation to his former pupil.

Father Gutmann had confided to him the history of the young man, but, though at that time the notorious fugitive slave bill had not been passed, it was judged the safer course to keep that history secret. The name Masoni grew naturally out of Gutmann's German pronunciation of Mason. Mr. B. described Dick's progress in learning as the greatest phenomenon he had met during a long life, in which since his academy days he had seldom, if ever, been without pupils. It was but natural that such rich soil so long fallow should produce abundantly. For three years (the happiest of my life! said Masoni) he had his daily lessons in literature from Mr. Bigelow or his daughters, in the German language and in music from his protector. And then when Father Gutmann felt that his pupil had reached the limits of his power of instruction, he took him from the quiet routine of his New England village life, brought him to Paris for a few months to give him rest and relaxation, to show him somewhat of the great world's life, and to lay a good foundation for the study of the French language. Thence they came to Leipzig, to Mendelssohn, as before recorded.

"But why was your history still kept a secret?"

"I don't know whether Father Gutmann had any special reason for it. In fact the matter had rather passed from our memories, so occupied were we both with other absorbing topics of thought. It may be that the old gentleman, who hated the system of slavery beyond description, had some vague idea of proving through me, that, had we the same advantages as our masters, we should not fall behind them in other accomplishments, and only in case I took the high position he hoped, did he intend to lay bare the secret. But his plans now lie buried with the old man in the *Gottesacker* at Leipzig. While he lived the evil spirit kept at bay, but his death changed everything to me. You cannot conceive what it is for one, whose whole life has been spent either in the condition of a slave or under the care of such a parent or protector as I had, to be thrown at once upon himself and his own resources. My grief at my loss had hardly in some degree subsided, when the feeling that I am but a runaway slave began to gain possession of me. I cannot conquer the weakness. I want some one to lean upon; oh, if I could be always with you!"

"You would find me but a poor support!" said I. "I am alone in the world, and this evil in my lungs is already warning me to look forward with calmness and resignation to the day when I shall lie down, I hope to pleasant dreams, with the rest of the Browns, in the little churchyard at Hildale. A poor support I! But you must not give way thus. Get Satan behind thee—get out of your false position, and you will find no need of support."

"Perhaps!"

After some minutes' silence he continued: "To confess the truth, I have been growing better, since we parted last Spring. Whenever the demon gets possession of me, the smart of that flogging seems to return, and a terrible desire for revenge is strengthening itself gradually. Every time the idea that a great gulf does in fact separate me from those with whom I associate, though they know nothing of it, comes up, this craving for revenge is sure to accompany it. I have, in fact, been brooding over this thought for many weeks past, and your presence is a blessing from heaven, as it relieves me from that idle torment. That I have laboured hard to improve myself you know—you see the fruits of these labours—and yet the motives to them have been continually becoming weaker. I am a fool, but the knowledge of the fact does not help me."

Under the influence of the foolish idea which had possessed him, Masoni had sunk quite into a state of despondency. There was in him a constitutional want of energy; or rather, a tendency when the critical moment came, to fail, through a latent suspicion of his own powers, a suspicion which only at such moments exerted any actual influence. He could push through any and all difficulties in search of the golden apple, but when it hung directly over his head he hesitated to stretch forth his hand to pluck it, from fear that it was beyond his reach. I have known such men in literary walks; conscious of their own powers, yet gaining no credit for them, because they needed the recognition of them to give the strength to prove their existence. Like Masoni, they need some one to lean upon, some one to encourage them. Are they not the Churchills of Longfellow's recent tale? Masoni's affection for Father Gutmann had made him supernaturally strong and enabled him to press onward with a steadiness and perseverance, which neither ambition nor his love of music might have given him. Just now some new motive was necessary to elevate him from the state into which he had sunk, and push him onward in his career.

That motive came.

[To be continued.]

For The Anti-Slavery Standard.

A VOICE FROM NEW ENGLAND TO THE SETTLERS IN KANSAS.

FREEMEN! shall the blighting curse
Slavery flings upon our land,
Doom to endless toil, a race
Groaning 'neath the oppressor's band?

Shall each sunny hill and vale,
In the fair and fertile west;
Echo with the piercing wail,
Wrung from many a sable breast?

Shall the birth-right of the free,
Now, in chains and fetters pine?
And from rolling sea to sea,
Tell Columbia's sad decline?

Hark! upon the Atlantic shore,
Where the pilgrim feet first trod,
Rising, like the ocean roar
Cries for freedom and for God!

"Plymouth rock may wear away,
Washed by the unceasing wave,
Bunker's pile to dust decay
Slowly, o'er the martyr's grave;"

"Every mount and hill and stream,
Hallowed in a nation's eyes,
Lie forgotten like a dream,
When the morning beams arise;

"But the free-born spirit still
Breathes within our inmost veins,
Still asserts the untrammelled will,
Spite of slavery's whips and chains."

"From our rude and rocky shore,
From each snow-crown'd mountain height
In their strength shall freemen pour
To maintain a nation's right."

"Though the tyrant master bend
Down to earth, the hopeless slave,
And his boasted claims defend,
From the cradle to the grave;"

"Though the statesmen of our age,
Recreant prove to truth and fame,
Darkening our historic page,
With the record of their shame;"

"Let each true New England son,
Shout the watchword of the free—
Onward! till the race be won—
Onward! Light and Liberty!"

"When, by southern breezes fanned,
Words of high and angry tone
Claim a wide-spread virgin land
As a home for Slavery's own;"

"'Mid the threat'nings of the storm
Be it ours to ward the blow,
While from thousand patriots warm
Echoes wide the answer, NO!"

THE discovery of the open Circumpolar Sea appears to have been made by a Russian officer thirty years ago This was Lieut. Wrangle, who, somewhere about the year 1824, advanced by sleds across the ice from the northern coast of Siberia, due north to the open sea. Lieut. (now admiral) Wrangle took frequent soundings during the trip, and found the water shallow, with a mud bottom. The climate became more moderate as he made northing. According to his estimate of his position at the margin of the open polar ocean, he must have been near the parallel of 82 degrees north, on which Dr. Kane was when he saw the same sea, almost on the opposite side of the pole. Lieut. Wrangle concealed provisions in the ice as he advanced, which he cut out for supplies on his return. The party slept in lodges warmed by a spirit lamp, which also cooked their meals. Their sufferings were not as great as those of the land parties that have gone out from the British exploring ships.

A NIGHTLY SCENE IN LONDON.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ON the fifth of last November, I, the Conductor of this journal, accompanied by a friend well-known to the public, accidentally strayed into Whitechapel. It was a miserable evening; very, dark, very muddy, and raining hard.

There are many woful sights in that part of London, and it has been well-known to me in most of its aspects for many years. We had forgotten the mud and rain in slowly walking along and looking about us, when we found ourselves, at eight o'clock, before the Workhouse.

Crouched against the wall of the Workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement stones, with the rain raining upon them, were five bundles of rags. They were motionless, and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great beehives, covered with rags—five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck and heels, and covered with rags—would have looked like those five bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street.

"What is this!" said my companion. "What *is* this!"

"Some miserable people shut out of the Casual Ward, I think," said I.

We had stopped before the five ragged mounds, and were quite rooted to the spot by their horrible appearance. Five awful Sphinxes by the wayside, crying to every passer-by, "Stop and guess! What is to be the end of a state of society that leaves us here!"

As we stood looking at them, a decent working-man, having the appearance of a stone-mason, touched me on the shoulder.

"This is an awful sight, sir," said he, "in a Christian country!"

"God knows it is, my friend," said I.

"I have often seen it much worse than this, as I have been going home from my work. I have counted fifteen, twenty, five-and-twenty, many a time. It's a shocking thing to see."

"A shocking thing, indeed," said I and my companion together. The man lingered near us a little while, wished us good-night, and went on.

We should have felt it brutal in us who had a better chance of being heard than the working-man, to leave the thing as it was, so we knocked at the Workhouse Gate. I undertook to be spokesman. The moment the gate was opened by an old pauper, I went in, followed close by my companion. I lost no time in passing the old porter, for I saw in his watery eye a disposition to shut us out.

"Be so good as to give that card to the master of the Workhouse, and say I shall be glad to speak to him for a moment."

We were in a kind of covered gateway, and the old porter went across it with the card. Before he had got to a door on our left, a man in a cloak and hat bounced out of it very sharply, as if he were in the nightly habit of being bullied and of returning the compliment.

"Now, gentlemen," said he in a loud voice, "what do you want here?"

"First," said I, "will you do me the favour to look at that card in your hand. Perhaps you may know my name."

"Yes," says he, looking at it. "I know this name."

"Good. I only want to ask you a plain question in a civil manner, and there is not the least occasion for either of us to be angry. It would be very foolish in me to blame you, and I don't blame you. I may find fault with the system you administer, but pray understand that I know you are here to do a duty pointed out to you, and that I have no doubt you do it. Now, I hope you won't object to tell me what I want to know."

"No," said he, quite mollified, and very reasonable, "not at all. What is it?"

"Do you know that there are five wretched creatures outside?"

"I have n't seen them, but I dare say there are."

"Do you doubt that there are?"

"No, not at all. There might be many more."

"Are they men? Or women?"

"Women, I suppose. Very likely one or two of them were there last night, and the night before last."

"There all night, do you mean?"

"Very likely."

My companion and I looked at one another, and the master of the Workhouse added quickly, "Why, Lord bless my soul, what am I to do? What can I do? The place is full. The place is always full—every night. I must give the preference to women with children, must n't I? You would n't have me not do that?"

"Surely not," said I. "It is a very humane principle, and quite right; and I am glad to hear of it. Don't forget that I don't blame *you*."

"Well!" said he. And subdued himself again.

"What I want to ask you," I went on, "is whether you know anything against those five miserable beings outside?"

"Don't know anything about them," said he, with a wave of his arm.

"I ask, for this reason: that we mean to give them a trifle to get a lodging—if they are not shelterless because they are thieves for instance You don't know them to be thieves?"

"I don't know anything about them," he repeated emphatically.

"That is to say, they are shut out, solely because the Ward is full?"

"Because the Ward is full."

"And if they got in, they would only have a roof for the night and a bit of bread in the morning, I suppose?"

"That's all. You'll use your own discretion about what you give them. Only understand that I don't know anything about them beyond what I have told you."

"Just so. I wanted to know no more. You have answered my question civilly and readily, and I am much obliged to you. I have nothing to say against you, but quite the contrary. Good night!"

"Good night, gentlemen!" And out we came again.

We went to the ragged bundle nearest to the Workhouse-door, and I touched it. No movement replying, I gently shook it. The rags began to be slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was unshrouded. The head of a young woman of three or four and twenty, as I should judge; gaunt with want, and foul with dirt; but not naturally ugly.

"Tell us," said I, stooping down. "Why are you lying here?"

"Because I can't get into the Workhouse."

She spoke in a faint, dull way, and had no curiosity or interest left. She looked dreamily at the black sky and the falling rain, but never looked at me or my companion.

"Were you here last night?"

"Yes. All last night. And the night afore too."

"Do you know any of these others?"

"I know her next but one. She was here last night, and she told me she come out of Essex. I don't know no more of her."

"You were here all last night, but you have not been here all day?"

"No. Not all day."

"Where have you been all day?"

"About the streets."

"What have you had to eat?"

"Nothing."

"Come!" said I. "Think a little. You are tired and have been asleep, and don't quite consider what you are saying to us. You have had something to eat to-day. Come! Think of it!"

"No I haven't. Nothing but such bits as I could pick up about the market. *Why, look at me!*"

She bared her neck, and I covered it up again.

"If you had a shilling to get some supper and a lodging, should you know where to get it?"

"Yes. I could do that."

"For God's sake get it then!"

I put the money into her hand, and she feebly rose up and went away. She never thanked me, never looked at me—melted away into the miserable night, in the strangest manner I ever saw. I have seen many strange things, but not one that has left a deeper impression on my memory than the dull impassive way in which that worn-out heap of misery took that piece of money, and was lost.

One by one, I spoke to all the five. In every one, interest and